

Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 14, 1981 \$1.50

The Showdown

Better Pray, Sugar Ray

(...but the pick
here is Leonard)

Thomas Hearns



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Sports Illustrated

CONTENTS

SEPT. 14, 1981 Volume 55, No. 12

Cover photograph by Carl Stalal

Still Flying High 18

Tennessee sure didn't bring George down to earth as the Dogs' defense of their national title opened with a 44-0 win by John Paparella

Fine Times Weren't Had by All 22

The World Cup, track and field's biennial championships, was marred by fouls and foul-ups, but there was glory in Rome, too by Kenny Moore

The Bills Are Tough to Play 26

Based on the way that it cashed in against the New York Jets, it sure looks as if Buffalo can bark on a big year by Paul Zimmerman

Sugar Should Frost Him 32

Thomas Hearns is an impressive physical presence, but he'll find Sugar Ray Leonard too good in their welterweight showdown by Pat Putnam

... And in This Corner 40

Emmanuel Steward, laborer, die setter, auto worker and trainer of young boxers, has put his life on hold for Hearns by William Nack

Bo's the Name 66

Football's his game. Don't talk to him when he loses, or wins, which will be a lot this year. But they love him in Ann Arbor by Douglas S. Looney

The Departments

Scorecard	13	College Football	59	For the Record	89
TV/Radio	50	Golf	62	19th Hole	90
Baseball	52				

Credits on page 88

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

When Richard Gangel signed on 21 years ago as SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's art director (after spending 13 years elsewhere in the company, eight of them as art director for Time Inc. promotions and the last two as an assistant art director at LIFE), he was anxious to find out if "the world of sport would yield some fascinating images." Well, with a creative hand, discerning eye and unconventional mind, Gangel has been the one most responsible for the way SI looks each week. May we suggest that he indeed proved that sport does yield fascinating images.



GANGEL, ART DIRECTOR TO ART-DIRECTED

"I always felt that we should create our own look," Gangel says. "One not only tough and vigorous but sensitive, and understanding of humans in athletic endeavors." The numerous awards, medals and medallions won, for his own works and those he commissioned—about which Gangel cares not a whit—attest to his success.

But last week, Gangel, 63, retired, turning over the helm to his longtime assistant, Harvey Grut. "Sport isn't the place for old fuddy-duddies," he says. "It's awful to see an aging champ hanging on beyond his time." Actually, Gangel looks 45, plays tennis as if he were 30 and has the gloriously inquisitive mind of a 5-year-old: he simply chose to say goodbye in order to address himself to his personal creative pursuits, which include bookbinding, limited editions graphics and painting. "This is my last shot to find out

what's in my own soul to paint," he says.

He will do it in the gentle countryside of Weston, Conn., where he owns a house and converted barn he bought 22 years ago from Amy Vanderbilt. Upstairs in the barn in which Miss Vanderbilt wrote tomes on etiquette, Gangel paints with acrylic lacquers on aluminum. Downstairs, his wife, Karen, designs women's clothes.

Gangel's feeling about SI was always that we were good but we could be better. To this end, he exercised extraordinary care with layouts and our headline and body type. "We want continually to freshen up, not break away," he would say. "We don't want to leave the reader baffled." You will be seeing the last of these freshenings in the near future. Gangel gave assignments to the best and brightest illustrators and painters, known and unknown. "He was absolutely a genius," says illustrator Walt Spitzmiller. "He'd throw ideas out and watch them work." Or sometimes not. Says Gangel, "I always found a friendly acceptance of visual experiments, but I sometimes wonder about the graphic crimes I did commit." Gangel has also been in the forefront of the pioneering of high-speed offset lithography and electronic transmission of images over long distances, crucial matters to our fast-closing magazine.

Recently, he was asked to design four U.S. postage stamps, of Jim Thorpe, Babe Ruth, Bobby Jones and Babe Zaharias, the last two to be unveiled Sept. 22 at the Golf Hall of Fame in Pinehurst, N.C. "I started out too fancy," he says, "and ended with a simple documentation." These will be the first ever of individual athletes.

But what does Gangel remember most of his SI days? "That people worked like hell and gave me their best," he says. What do we remember of Dick's SI days? That he worked like hell and gave us his best.

Philip D. Harbert



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Shopwalk

by ANDY MEISLER

HERE'S THE PUTTY THAT CAN PICK UP
YOUR GRIP—AND THE SUNDAY COMICS

What substance stretches, bounces and absorbs newspaper comic strips? Yes, Silly Putty does all that but little else. Now there's a putty with similar characteristics and one more—it's actually useful. Bill Cox, a former Los Angeles-area golf pro, has invented Power Putty and markets it as a hand-strengthening aid. It is a kind of pocket-sized Nautilus machine for all the millions of compulsive tennis-ball squeezers out there.

It's Cox's theory that squeezers of tennis balls or spring-loaded hand grips are only strengthening the hand's extensor muscles, the ones that help to clench the fist. The flexor muscles, used to open the hand, are simply going along for the ride, he maintains, as are the muscles controlling the thumb. "This causes an imbalance," says Cox, who points out that a strong, sure grip is essential in golf, tennis, baseball and football.

To that end, he devised 12 different exercises. "We get all 35 muscles used to control the hand," he says. A complete Power Putty workout requires the user to grip, ball up, stretch out or jab into the putty, which has the Nautilus-like quality (because of a "secret additive" in the formula) of resisting your efforts in relation to your strength.

Power Putty has been a long time in development. In 1964 Cox was looking for some exercises to strengthen his golf grip. "I threw together about six eggs worth of Silly Putty," he says. After about a decade of non-commercial squeezing, he asked a local lab to whip up the same kind of uncured silicon rubber, in quantity. This he sold as "Exer-Fist," and in 1978 the additive was incorporated, the substance's name was changed and a serious marketing effort was begun.

These days, Power Putty is sold—complete with instruction booklet—in golf-course pro shops, sporting-goods stores and by mail order (\$7.50 postpaid from Sports Health Products, 527 West Windsor Road, Glendale, Calif. 91204). And in case you're wondering, independent testing has proved that it can pick up "Peanuts," too.

END

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Sideline

by MICHAEL BAUGHMAN

A DR. Jekyll TENNIS PLAYER DISCOVERS MR. HYDE IN AN AMATEUR TOURNAMENT

Which comes first? Does tennis somehow turn otherwise rational human beings into emotional 4-year-olds? Or are rude, petulant and insecure types attracted to the game in the first place because they instinctively realize, even when quite young, that the sport is an ideal vehicle for boorishness? And why do even subdued players like Bjorn Borg appear so unstintingly grim throughout their matches that it's impossible to believe they get any enjoyment at all from what they do? (I realize that they are in it to win, for money, yet isn't it still a "game"?)

Though I fooled with tennis off and on for more than 30 years, and kept fairly close track of the major tournaments and leading players throughout that time, I was never able to answer those intriguing questions. Neither my own behavior on the court nor what I read about or watched on television made the slightest bit of sense to me. Even though I'd never taken tennis very seriously, I'd thrown my share of rackets into chain link fences. Hopelessly behind in a set, I'd blasted second serves with all my might into the net or 20 feet out in ridiculous, impotent rage. Most appallingly, in supposedly friendly mixed-doubles matches I'd insulted my much-loved wife. I couldn't very well fault Nastase, Connors or McEnroe for their behavior when I often became an ass on the court myself for no good reason.

Three years ago, at the age of 40, I entered my first tournament. "Big Al's" is what it's called (named after the local restaurant owner who sponsors it). It may well be the largest amateur tournament for adults in Oregon, attracting players from throughout the state, and from Nevada and California as well. Play is divided into A, B, C and D classes, and I entered D doubles with a friend named Steve, who talked me into it when his regular partner was injured a few weeks before the event.

Much to my surprise, we actually made

it to the finals, then lost our last match. In fact, it went to the last point of a tie-breaker in the third set. And the experience was enough to make me swear off tennis for life. Like most players who aren't tournament-seasoned, I played nervously, tentatively and, therefore, quite poorly. The worst of it, though, was that I had argued with Steve about missed shots and foiled strategies. I found myself doubting line calls made by our opponents, and more than once choked back an impulse to mutter some insult at them. After that final match, though I didn't show it—or at least tried very hard not to—I was both severely disappointed at the loss and furious at the pair who had beaten us, at Steve, and, most of all, at myself for reacting like such an utter fool.

If, at the age of 40, I was incapable of relaxed play in D-level doubles in a low-key local tournament, I figured there was no hope for me, that I'd be better off hiking or fishing instead—so I walked off the court sincerely believing I'd never be back.

Then, this year, Steve called about two weeks before Big Al's. His regular partner was injured again. I thought it over and agreed to play. It had been three years since I had so much as looked at my tennis racket, but I was certain of one thing—during that time I had managed to cultivate an attitude of calm condescension toward the game. The antics of the temperamental pros seemed absurd rather than curious to me now, and I simply couldn't imagine myself caring about whether I won or lost, or even how I played. As far as tennis was concerned, I was sure I had finally matured—and about time, too.

So I practiced a total of three or four hours over two weeks, hitting balls with my wife and son, serving a few, sharpening up my only decent shot, a defensive lob.

On the first day of the tournament, wearing cutoff jeans and old running shoes and carrying my \$10 B&M racket, I walked down to the courts about an hour before our first match to watch some of the other players in action. Things seemed even worse than I remembered. Dozens of grown men and women paced

continued

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WHY I'M A UNITED WAY VOLUNTEER



STEPHEN GRAHAM

Home: Seattle, Washington

Career: Attorney

Age: 29

Married: One daughter

Interests: Hiking, writing, cartooning, bicycling and volunteering for United Way

"Because there's more to my life than just me.

"Like being with my family hiking along the timberline. And getting involved in my community.

"Volunteering for United Way adds another dimension to my life. I'm putting my skills to work for the

benefit of the entire community. And I'm meeting all kinds of people who are doing the same.

"Most important of all, I'm learning more about human care needs. And how—as a United Way volunteer—I can make a difference here in Seattle. It's a valuable lesson in leadership.

"By helping shape my community's future, through United Way, I'm more than just living my life. I'm fulfilling it."



Thanks to you... it works... for ALL OF US **United Way**

SIDELINE *continued*

around nervously—waiting, like me, for their turns, and wearing expressions similar to those one might expect to see on soldiers' faces a few minutes before the certainty of combat.

Out on the courts this nervous anxiety was released in a variety of ways. I watched a few minutes of a singles match—B level. I think it was—in which each player was making accurate line calls but was also accusing the other of cheating.

"Go crawl in a hole. —," one of them said.

"—," said the other.

"—," came the reply.

At a mixed-doubles match nearby, one of the men—far behind in the second set, it turned out—was returning every shot as hard as he possibly could, not in a desperate attempt to win points but rather trying to line one into his female opponent.

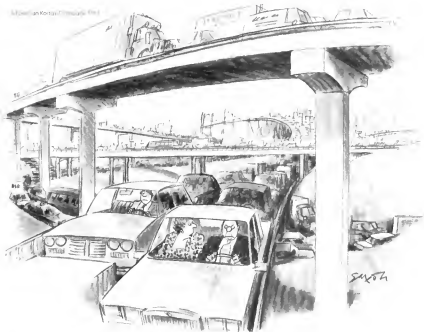
Even in the relatively civilized matches in progress, the players were at least extremely tense, at most on the apparent verge of apoplectic fits or the commission of some physical violence to their opponents, their partners or themselves.

To laugh at it all or to try to respond with Christian pity? That was the only question. But our match began before I could decide.

Once on the court myself, I tightened up and played like a zombie. My incompetence imbued every facet of the game. I double-faulted—first serve 10 feet out, second feeble effort barely reaching the net. I lobbed them not just over the baseline but also over the fence and into the parking lot beyond. At the net I played as if my shoes had been cemented to the court. We barely won, 7-5, 7-5. I apologized to Steve. My first set of tennis in three years, I explained. But what was going on? I asked myself. How could it have happened to me?

We won our second match, 6-1, 6-2. With the easy victory, my peace of mind returned. Toward the end I even began to feel sorry for our opponents, a pair of elderly gentlemen who—most likely through plenty of practice—were very nearly able to act as though they didn't really care who won. By the end, I found myself wishing we'd thrown a few games to make the score more respectable for them.

continued



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of the insides of your copier!"*



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SUPER AVILYN

SIDELINE *continued*

Our third match was the toughest. It was against a pair of young men from California, and Steve had heard that one of them was a B player who, because of a strained neck, had decided to temporarily drop all the way down to D.

When they easily handled us 6-2 in the first set, I found that the nervousness of the first match and the tranquility of the second had been replaced by anger. Who did these carpetbaggers think they were, anyway, coming up from, of all places, California (it is almost required of southern Oregonians that they resent Californians), and entering the tournament two notches below their rightful level?

In the second set my first serve worked 90% of the time, and my lobs were deep and accurate. Steve played the net wickedly, and we won 6-2.

We kept it up into the third set and found ourselves with a 5-1 lead. It was all but over. Now I began to feel sorry for these unfortunate Californians. How would they explain such a loss to their friends? Actually, they weren't such bad fellows, I realized.

We let up on them a little. When their shots were a few inches out, I was charitable enough to call them in. Soon it was 5-3. Then—and I'm still not sure exactly how it happened—it was 5-5. They finally beat us, 7-6. As had happened three years earlier, it went to the last point of the tiebreaker, and when it finally ended I was furious, disgusted, paralyzed, amazed. After beating us, the Californians went on to win the tournament easily.

So now I really have learned, finally. The first thing I'm going to do is hang a picture of Leo Durocher on the wall. Next year I'll enter both singles and doubles, and I'll practice hard for two months before the tournament. I'll buy a new racket and some decent shoes. I won't give anything away with line calls next time, either. If I'm ahead 5-1, I intend to win 6-1. I'll convince myself that I hate whomever I happen to play, and I won't mind showing it. No matter what an opponent says to me, he'll get back worse. I don't know—or care—whether I was born this way or whether tennis has done it.

What I do know is that next year I'm going to do things right. I'm going to—
—those—
—those—

END

HERE'S WHAT'S NOW BEING SAID ABOUT TOBACCO SMOKE IN THE AIR.

Scientist disputes findings of cancer risk to nonsmokers

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A new study published in the *Journal of the National Cancer Institute* disputes findings that nonsmokers are at a higher risk of lung cancer because of their husbands' tobacco smoke. The study, which was conducted by a team of researchers from the National Cancer Institute and the University of California, San Francisco, found that the risk of lung cancer for nonsmokers is not significantly higher than for smokers.

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Non-smoker cancer 'risk' questioned

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New study contradicts non-smokers' risk

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Study Downplays Nonsmoker Risk

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Several months ago, headlines around the world trumpeted alarming news. A Japanese study was claiming that non-smoking wives of smokers had a higher risk of lung cancer because of their husbands' tobacco smoke. That scared a lot of people and understandably so, if this claim was the last word.

But now new headlines have appeared. First, because several eminent biostatisticians found an apparent statistical error in the Japanese calcu-

tions—raising serious questions about the study.

Second, because Lawrence Garfinkel, the statistical director of the American Cancer Society who is opposed to smoking, published a report covering 17 years and nearly 200,000 people in which he indicated that "second-hand" smoke has insignificant effect on lung cancer rates in nonsmokers.

If you'd like to know more about these developments, write Scientific Division, The Tobacco Institute, 1875 I St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

JOHNNY ON THE SPOT

Johnny Unitas was always known as a brilliant quarterback on the field, but off it the old Baltimore Colt has been pushed out of the pocket—as much by bad timing (which he almost never displayed on a football field) as anything else. Unitas is making waves because of a football tip sheet he's putting out this season in association with a Maryland sports handicapper named Mike Warren. To the edgy NFL, currently looking into Houston Quarterback Kenny Stabler's association with New Jersey gambling figure Nicholas Dudich, and constantly fighting efforts to legalize betting on the game, Unitas' venture is anathema. John is paid a nominal fee each year by the Colts for acting as a "special consultant" and is, therefore, technically a part of the Baltimore organization and, by extension, of the NFL.

"We're both surprised and bitterly disappointed," says NFL Director of Public Relations Jim Heffernan, adding that the Colts would be questioned about the situation. Heffernan conceded that at least two other former players, Kyle Rote and Virgil Carter, have lent their names and expertise to tip sheets, but because neither is now affiliated with an NFL team, there's nothing the league can do about it.

Unitas, defending his action, says, "I don't bet, but I follow games and enjoy making picks. As long as I'm doing that, I may as well get paid for it. I'll just be giving out information, not telling people what to do with it. If they want to bet, it's up to them."

Nothing much wrong with that, is there? Except that Unitas' participation goes a little beyond that. In the tip sheet's sales pitch, he tells prospective subscribers, "When you're Johnny Unitas, people don't let you get out of touch. I'm invited everywhere. I get to see teams and players and game films other people don't see... getting information you never read in the papers." And he says, "I'll be right often enough for all of us to make

a decent living during the season...."

Of course, as John says, the subscribers don't have to bet.

SHARK!

As best as can be determined, nine people have been attacked by sharks off Florida this year, three others in the Bahamas. A 19-year-old woman was killed by a shark three miles off Daytona Beach after her catamaran capsized and she tried to swim to shore. In the Bahamas, north of Bimini, what was apparently a mako shark knocked professional diver Bob Marx up out of the water, pushed him backward and grabbed his right arm. Marx, who's been diving for 25 years, pounded the shark's head with his free hand, pulled his arm free and curled up into a ball. The shark swam off, as inexplicably as it attacked. Marx's wound required 150 stitches.

Ordinarily, an average of two or three shark attacks are reported in Florida each year, and two in the Bahamas. What has caused the increase? Marx says that for a week or two before he was attacked, he and fellow divers noticed sharks and barracuda acting oddly. The divers had to poke sticks at sharks to keep them away, and felt obliged to kill a menacing five-foot barracuda, a frightening-looking but almost invariably harmless fish. "I thought all the fish had gone nuts," Marx said. "I'd never seen anything like it."

Marx's comments and the increased attacks led some people to wonder if something aberrant was happening to sharks. Dr. Samuel H. Gruber, associate professor of marine science at the University of Miami, doesn't think so. "I'm out there all the time with sharks," he says. "We track them and put transmitters on them. We've tagged more than 175 this summer. I haven't seen anything I'd consider a conspiracy among the sharks. I'm being facetious, but that's what somebody is trying to say: that something has changed out there to radically alter shark behavior."

"I think what we're seeing is a statistical fluctuation. It's like airplane crashes or beestings or anything like that. There are periods when a lot of them happen, and they don't seem correlated to anything else. It's like if you go to a dice table and throw craps three or four times in a row. That's a statistical fluctuation. It happens, but it isn't considered significant. As a trained observer of sharks, I can't see it as anything more than that."

CATCH AS CATCH CAN

When last we looked, sports publicist extraordinaire Andy Furman had just been sacked as chief tub-thumper for Monticello (N.Y.) Raceway for having



tastelessly invited a Ku Klux Klan leader and his henchmen to take advantage of the track's group party plan package (SCORECARD, Aug. 18, 1980). That momentarily brought to a screeching halt a career during which the bumptious Furman had also started the bounds of propriety as sports information director at Oral Roberts University (where he hyped a basketball game against the Bulgarian national team by offering free admission to Oklahomans of Bulgarian descent) and as PR man for the Fort Lauderdale Strikers (whose game against the wondrously named Vancouver Whitecaps he promoted by promising free admission to uniformed dentists). Lately the publicity man at Lakes Region Greyhound Park in Belmont, N.H., Furman has been as

continued



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Accusations of Neanderthalism aside, Aetna simply isn't going to toss out cost differences based on criteria like sex and age when the results would be inequitable.²

But we *do* have squads of experts studying the impact of changing life patterns on auto, life, and other insurance.³ And ongoing analysis has already eliminated some risk criteria and instituted others, including *factors you control personally*.

Example: We give young driver-training graduates an average 12.3% discount.⁴ And we now reduce individual life premiums for non-smokers.

That's fairer, we think, than changes that would make insurance *less* affordable for a lot of us — men and women alike.

Aetna wants insurance to be affordable.

¹According to an Aetna study of auto insurance made in 1979, people generally wanted to the idea of equal rates for different groups. But when they were informed of the effect on their pocketbooks, the majority turned thumbs down.

²We admit it can be ranking to be treated as a statistic. But the whole idea of insurance is the pooling of risk among groups of individuals. These groups are defined by the loss experience of up to millions of cases, and are

charged accordingly — what we in insurance call "cost-based pricing."

³At last count, we had some 135 people looking into how risk can be measured in life, casualty property, and group insurance.

⁴Aetna also charges less to

accident-free drivers, for cars less prone to damage or theft, and for homes equipped with burglar and fire alarms. We think *positive* incentives make more sense than *experimental* policies that turn their backs on actual experience.



outlandish as ever, witness the invitation to spend a day at the dog track he recently issued to delegates to the state dogcatchers' convention. The dogcatchers failed to take Furman up on his offer, possibly because of his stipulation that they kindly leave their nets at home.

TALLY HO!

Last week we invited readers to phone in their opinion on which brand of football they find more exciting—the college game John Underwood prefers or the pro version Paul Zimmerman likes. The tally is in, with 4,651 votes in favor of the college game, 3,557 in favor of the pros. Zimmerman says this bias is seasonal, that college football generates more interest the first few weeks of the fall but that pro football takes over later on. Underwood just smiles pleasantly and says, "I told you so."

JOB SECURITY

It certainly isn't news that one of the things baseball owners do best is fire managers. Gene Michael's dismissal by the Yankees, after guiding New York to first place in the American League East in the first half of this split season and then getting into a dispute with owner George Steinbrenner, serves to emphasize the point. Michael is hardly the first successful manager to be fired. Jim Frey was given the ax by Kansas City earlier last week, less than a year after he led the Royals to their first American League pennant. You'd think that by finishing first a manager had demonstrated some skill in his job, but don't tell that to the men in the front office. Whitey Herzog, Frey's predecessor at Kansas City, won three straight divisional titles, then was dumped after one losing year. Jim Fregoso won California's first divisional crown in 1979 and was canned earlier this season.

The Yankees are champions at this sort of thing. Yogi Berra won the pennant and went to the seventh game of the 1964 World Series before losing—and was summarily fired. Billy Martin won two straight pennants for the Yanks in 1976 and 1977 and was ousted in midseason 1978. His successor, Bob Lemon (who now succeeds Michael), won the 1978 pennant and was dropped in 1979. Dick Howser took the New Yorkers to the American League East title last year and was bounced after the season. Great place to work.

But it's not just the Yankees. Sam Mele managed the Minnesota Twins to their first and only pennant in 1965 and was out less than a year and a half later. Hank Bauer got the Orioles their first pennant in 1966 and was fired midway through 1968. Dick Williams led the Red Sox to the flag in 1967 and was gone before the end of 1969. Mayo Smith won a pennant and a memorable World Series for the Tigers in 1968 and was dropped after the 1970 season. It's the old story: What have you done for me lately?

Years before the Yankees tied a can to his tail, Billy Martin was fired by the Twins after winning the division in 1969 and by the Tigers before the end of the season the year after he won the division in 1972. Al Dark won a pennant and the World Series for the A's in 1974 but only the division in 1975 and was dismissed. Darrell Johnson won a pennant with the Red Sox in 1975 and didn't last through the next season.

Of the 15 men who have managed teams to a pennant or a divisional championship in the American League since 1963, only Earl Weaver has avoided the experience of being fired soon after winning a pennant, although Dick Williams, dismissed earlier by Boston, did have the consolation of quitting after three straight winning years with Oakland.

Such a business

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST

"Big intersectional tilt" was a favored sports-page cliché years ago when, except for Notre Dame and a few other venturesome schools, college football teams played most of their games against teams from their own backyards. When a Georgia, say, went north to play Yale (that really happened) Bulldog vs. Bulldog, in an era when neither dog was clearly top dog, or when little St. Mary's of California, a football power then, went all the way to New York to play Fordham, another power, that was news. The intersectional element gave the early bowl games their glamour: the best of the East vs. the best of the West in the Rose Bowl, for example, even though the "East" team was often from the South.

The rapid development of air travel, particularly by jet, changed all that, and it became common practice for many teams to play two or three games a season with far-off schools. An intersectional tilt became just another game on the schedule.

Now, however, the tide is turning. Flying a college football team thousands, or even hundreds, of miles has become increasingly expensive. Coach Jackie Sherrill of Pittsburgh says that it cost his team \$70,000 to go back and forth to the Coast for a game with Washington in 1979. Pitt's share of the take covered that and a little more, but Sherrill says, "We could have stayed at home and played anybody and made twice as much money as we did going to Washington."

When Penn State flew to Missouri four years ago it cost about \$25,000. Coach Joe Paterno says it would cost about \$75,000 today, which may explain why Penn State canceled its series with Missouri. Missouri, in turn, terminated games with San Diego State, as has West Virginia with San Jose State. Washington and Miami of Florida agreed to drop their home-and-home series, and Baylor abandoned plans to meet Stanford and Syracuse.

"We'd like to reduce our travel schedule," says Paterno, whose Nittany Lions still have numerous intersectional games on tap. "We're trying to get things going for an Eastern football conference." Michigan State, which barely broke even after having to spend \$68,000 flying out to play Oregon last year, is also looking nearer home for games. It took a step in that direction last season when it booked unglamorous but neighboring Western Michigan for the first time in almost 60 years.

It's an interesting development, and maybe a welcome one, even though it's like turning back the clock. The Notre Dames and Southern Californians will continue to scout all over the country for games, but perhaps in a decade or so, when a Purdue ventures a few hundred miles south to play a Tennessee, headlines once again will blare: INTERSECTIONAL TITANS CLASH.

THEY SAID IT

- John McKay, Tampa Bay Buccaneers coach, wondering whether the injured Lynn Cain of Atlanta would be ready to play against Tampa Bay: "Let me know if Cain is able."
- Hubie Green, pro golfer: "I owe everything to golf. Where else could a guy with an IQ like mine make this much money?"
- Hank Stram, dapper ex-coach and current TV and radio color announcer, denying reports that he has 400 suits: "I'm lucky if I own 200."

END

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STILL FLYING HIGH

Tennessee didn't bring Georgia down to earth as the Dogs' defense of their national title opened with a 44-0 win

by JOHN PAPANEX

The long, hot dog days of another Georgia summer ran out almost without warning last weekend. It was as if an alarm clock jangled on Saturday morning and 80,000 Georgians were jolted out of bed all at once. The streets of Athens, which had been empty for months, became clogged with people attired from head to toe in red and black. Suddenly it was another kind of dog day—what the locals call a Dog Day Afternoon.

Football season had come around again so soon, and with it mixed emotions. Georgia's first national championship, fashioned from 12 victories—some of them nothing short of miraculous—and zero defeats, was now history. Did it really happen? Was there really an 18-year-old named Herschel Walker who rewrote the laws of football physics? Had it all been a mass hallucination? If it was a dream, nobody wanted it to end, and it could have on Saturday at the vengeful hands of Tennessee in a rematch of the game that started it all last year.

A lot of great football minds figure that Georgia's championship season was a fluke. Most preseason polls placed the Bulldogs, minus 15 of 1980's starters, no higher than ninth or 10th... and that was only because Walker had decided not to jump to the Canadian Football League.

(continued)

Walker dove in for Georgia's first touchdown, but he again labored with 161 yards on 30 carries





But by the end of last Saturday, the Dogs and their fans and the nation had waked up but good. Georgia 44, Tennessee 0. Bigger than any win in 1980. Worst Tennessee loss since 1923. Opening-game jitters? Georgia had the ball six times in the second half and six times it put points on the scoreboard. Sophomore jinx? Walker looked just like a freshman out there, churning out 161 yards in 30 carries, with one touchdown and another called back. One-man gang? Quarterback Buck Belue completed 10 of 15 passes for 140 yards and two touchdowns, both of them to Lindsay Scott, who could become the next John Jefferson. Inexperience? Baby-faced Kevin Baker, this year's freshman phenom, set a school record for scoring by a kicker, with field goals of 36, 44 and 45 yards and five PATs. And the defense? It held the Vols to 30 yards rushing in 30 carries.

It was all enough to make Tennessee Coach Johnny Majors—who last week began the fifth year of his four-year plan to revive the Vols—a little bit ill. "They went out and played as if they were trying to prove to people that last year wasn't an accident," said Majors.

What Majors is trying to prove—harder than ever after Saturday—to the folks in Knoxville is that their 1976 dumping of Bill Battle, who had merely

given Tennessee five straight bowl teams, to hire former Vol All-America Majors, fresh from coaching Pitt to a national championship, was no mistake. Thus far, Majors has had but one winning season, a fact that has a few Tennesseans wondering, though the university recently signed him to a contract that runs through 1985. "The only pressure I feel comes from my own heart," Majors said before the Georgia game. But afterward, asked if this was his lowest point, he said, "It sure is."

None of the Georgia people had griped about the Bulldogs' relatively low pre-season ranking. Coach Vince Dooley wasn't talking coach talk when he articulated his concern about what the future held. He was downright scared when he said, "Everybody's worried about the parking. Nobody seems to be worried about the offensive line or the secondary. Cockiness? False hopes? I honestly don't know. My assistants have told me our practices have been real bad; there hasn't been any enthusiasm. My first reaction is to say, 'Well, our players are young, just trying to learn their jobs.' I hope that's what it is."

The first students had begun to trickle into Athens on Tuesday, almost three weeks before classes would begin, and some pitched tents in the rain in parking lots, hoping to scare up tickets that didn't exist. One fan offered free accommodations in Algiers or Paris to anyone who could get him three.

Meanwhile, the parade of pilgrims with pencils and pads, makes and raincoats flocked to the feet of Walker, who, like the Pope, now has his weekly audiences. Walker pulled up his enormous chest on Tuesday, and in a low voice that gradually rose in pitch as it increased in confidence, said, "This year I'm bigger, stronger, quicker, faster and more powerful. . . I can do almost anything. They [the Vols] haven't seen the Herschel Walker of September 5, 1981; they've only seen the one from last year."

Jaws hung. The tone hadn't been boastful, the words were simply stated. Minds flashed back to last September's opening game when Walker, a



Against the scrappy Dogs, the Vols came up short on

third-string freshman, busted up the middle for the 16-yard touchdown run that launched the unbeaten season and began the Walker legend.

Bigger and better though this year's Walker may be, he would be running behind a line that had been ravaged by graduation. The young replacements up front were Dooley's principal cause for concern. As it turned out, those quiet practices, the apparent lack of enthusiasm, weren't symptoms of cockiness. It was only the new Dogs assuming the quiet, confident Walker nature by osmosis. "I'll tell you this," says Defensive Guard Eddie (Meat Cleaver) Weaver. "The offensive line might be young but it's big [averaging 6'4", 247 pounds]. You get a thrill out of blocking for a killer. You don't hurt as much when you're doing it for The Stalker. I'd be proud if I were blocking for The Stalker."

By Saturday the walkways to freshly expanded Sanford Stadium—which would be filled with 79,600 fans, the largest crowd ever to witness a sporting event in Georgia—were festooned with renderings of the Georgia Bulldog, variously smiling, snarling, pouncing or reclining. Everything from commemorative Coca-Cola bottles (\$5 for 10 ounces) to long Johns was emblazoned with portraits of the Dog. And of course there was Walk-

Meeting his own expectations, Scott caught two TD passes





the ground—30 yards for the game—and in the air.

goal line, slashed over right end and dragged four tacklers 11 yards. Seven plays later he dashed 47 yards for an apparent touchdown only to have it called back because of clipping. No matter. Three plays later, on a third-and-five, Belue delivered a 29-yard strike over the middle to Scott, who made a spectacular catch—his first of six—sandwiched between two defenders on the Tennessee six. A moment later Walker hurdled over from the one for his touchdown.

Then, after the Bulldogs twice stalled inside the Tennessee 10—a fumble and a missed field goal—they put another touchdown on the board before halftime. This one was a 15-yard pass from Belue to Scott on a "sail" pattern, with Scott doing his sailing on his knees to catch the ball in the right corner of the end zone.

Scott ran the same pattern to the left corner for a TD in the third quarter, this time making an over-the-head catch of a Belue pass just before tumbling across the sideline.

"If you look at Lindsay Scott today and think about him one year ago . . . what a difference," says Dooley. A year ago Scott had lost his scholarship after a shoving match with the team's academic counselor and hadn't fully recovered from rolling his 1980 Datsun 200SX into a ditch after falling asleep at the wheel. "Today I did the things I thought I could do when I came here," said Scott, a senior. "You're seeing a completely new Lindsay Scott."

The 1981 model Herschel Walker wasn't entirely pleased with his performance, even though he would have easily surpassed 200 yards had Dooley let him play the entire fourth quarter. Belue praised the young offensive line for its pass blocking, but it was hard to tell if Walker needed any run blocking. Each time he got the ball he ran a couple of little steps, then slammed his 222-pound body whichever way he pleased, cutting and caroming off bodies, dragging defenders, averaging 5.3 yards a carry.

"I don't think I performed that well today," said Walker. "I was doing a lot of bouncing around, and that's not me. I got a lot of work to do if I want to improve." Improve on 161 yards in a little more than three quarters?

Tennessee, meanwhile, could do nothing right. Even a blocked punt in the third quarter that would have made the score 24-7 was disallowed because the Vols had 12 men on the field. With its run-

ning game shut down by Gilbert, Weaver, Jimmy Payne, Tommy Thurston and company, Tennessee resorted to short passes. Olkewski and freshman Alan Cockrell, who replaced him late in the third quarter, threw long just three times in the game and never completed a pass that traveled more than 15 yards in the air. Either Dooley had done genius work with his inexperienced pass defenders or Majors had blundered by not testing the Bulldog secondary. "Their coverage took us out of it," said Majors for his part.



Butler booted three field goals and five PATs

er's mug on T-shirts, socks, drinking glasses, even jockstraps. "I've seen more pictures of Herschel than his mama," said Georgia's Promotions Director, Avery McLean.

Georgians' fear of an opening-game upset wasn't unfounded. In the 44 years that a mythical national champion has been crowned by the Associated Press, the defending champ has lost its first game of the following season seven times. The Bulldogs did it to Alabama in 1965. Majors' 1976 12-0 Pittsburgh team lost to Notre Dame in its 1977 opener, after Majors had gone home to Tennessee.

Georgia passed its first test when Butler sent the opening kickoff through the end zone, thus keeping Willie Gault, one of Tennessee's four world-class sprinter-receivers, who returned three kickoffs for touchdowns last year, from possibly giving the Vols an early lead. But Tennessee moved easily to the Georgia 33 as Quarterback Jeff Olkewski completed his first six passes—all short ones in the flat—against Georgia's inexperienced secondary, before a sack by End Freddie Gilbert forced a 51-yard punt that rolled dead on the Georgia eight.

Thus, Walker, the tailback in the 1, found himself set up in the end zone the first time his number was called in 1981. He took a handoff from Belue on his own

After last Saturday's laughter, Dooley's main task is to keep his players' heads out of the air-traffic lanes. "Teams tend to listen to you a little more when they're lucky to win," he said. "Last year I had their attention every week. This is a great start. I'd like for it to be the ending."

As the fans streamed out of the stadium to begin tearing down Athens, they surely seemed satisfied that last year was no dream. But that didn't mean there still weren't questions. Like, could it all possibly happen again?

FINE TIMES WEREN'T HAD BY ALL

The World Cup, track and field's biennial championships, was marred by fouls and foul-ups, but there was a lot of glory in Rome, too **by KENNY MOORE**



I kept thinking, "When is it going to end?" "said Evelyn Ashford of her passage down the stretch in the World Cup women's 200 meters in Rome last Friday night. "It went on and on and on." Running in the inside lane, she had to negotiate the tightest turn of anyone in the field of nine. With 100 meters to go, she had a yard on two of the finest female sprinters in history: Barbel Wöckel of East Germany, the 1976 and 1980 Olympic champion in the 200, and Czechoslovakia's Jarmila Kratochvílová, the third woman ever to break 22 seconds in the event. Kratochvílová, who later would win the women's 400 in 48.61, a bare hundredth of a second off the world record, is a powerful woman, and her bulk, accentuated by the white uniform of the European team, loomed in menacing contrast to Ashford's litherness.

With 50 meters to go, Ashford bared her teeth. "It was hard," she would say later. "The track was slow. I felt like I was sinking instead of lifting." Yet she hung on to win in 22.18, well off her U.S. record of 21.83 and the world record of 21.71, held by Marita Koch of East Germany. Kratochvílová finished in 22.31 and Wöckel was third in 22.41. On the victory stand, Ashford stood smugly. Asked by photographers to smile, she did so halfheartedly. It was clear that her mind was elsewhere, that her task remained unfinished.

The women's 100 was on Saturday, the second day of this three-day meet. Ashford was one of two U.S. athletes with a chance to score an individual-event double in this most select of all meets, in which only one entry per team is permitted in each event and the world is compressed into nine teams, representing the U.S., East Germany, the Soviet Union and the host nation, Italy, as countries, and Africa, Asia, Europe, Oceania and the Americas as regional all-star teams.

The other U.S. double hopeful was Carl Lewis, who was seeking to repeat his long-jump and 100-meter victories in



Ashford, the meet's only double victor, here races a 22.18 in the 200. She won the 100 in 11.02.

the NCAA and TAC meets in June. Sixteen days before Rome, Lewis seemed a sure bet, winning a long jump in Zurich with 27' 11½". That night he also had a foul into a headwind that a meet official told Lewis had measured 28' 9". "And as I was thinking that over, I turned and watched Renaldo Nehemiah run his high-hurdle record of 12.93," said Lewis. "I thought I might be standing there with a world record in my own legs."

The risk of injury increases as a long-jumper tires. "I never take all six jumps," said Lewis. "But I got excited I lost myself." And on his sixth jump he strained his right hamstring. For two weeks Lewis underwent therapy. He got in a little running, but he didn't jump. Nevertheless, the day before the World Cup he judged himself ready, as did U.S. team physician Anthony Daly and Lewis' coach at the University of Houston—and everywhere else—Tom Tellez. But just in case, Stanley Floyd would warm up for the 100, scheduled to be run 40 minutes after the start of the long jump.

"I warmed up well and ran full speed on the practice track," said Lewis. "I felt good." On his second jump Lewis sailed 26' 9", a distance that would hold up for the gold medal. But in the 100 Lewis faced the rather stern competition of Great Britain's Allan Wells, the 1980

Olympic champion. After a false start and a lengthy, chilly wait, they were off.

Lewis started fine, matching Wells, though both were led by Ghana's Ernest Obeng. "At 60 meters, when I had to lift, it wouldn't work," said Lewis. "The muscle was heated, but it wasn't trained back into the system." He eased and finished last in 10.96. Wells, running with a touch of food poisoning, caught Obeng with a perfect lean to win, 10.20 to 10.21.

The 29-year-old Wells is from Edinburgh, and a man of eccentric good sense. He trains in part by punching a speed bag and only uses a starting block for his left—or "front"—foot because he feels synthetic tracks have removed the necessity for a full set of blocks. In addition, he speaks his mind, clearly. "It's not good sense to try what Lewis did," he said. "The U.S. coaches shouldn't have permitted him to compete in both events. Long-jumping with a niggling hamstring is just asking for trouble."

"The real mistake," said Lewis, "was that sixth jump back in Zurich, but trying to do better is what you live for, what you do sport for."

Lewis' bittersweet performances seemed to embody the entire World Cup for 1981, because it was a meet of superb exhibitions mixed with cases of freakish run. An uneven quality was im-

continued

Marsh (center) proved to be a better pistol than javist, winning the spearhead from Scrimozini (right) and Mammoschi only to lose it in a hearing



Coe's closing burst in the 800 gave him enough cushion that he could turn to watch Robinson (center) take second.

WORLD CUP *continued*

posed by the format, in which the team from Africa was weak on the field, that from Asia weak on the track. And despite new IAAF President Primo Nebiolo of Italy's urging them to compete "for the honor of their continents," the athletes didn't develop compelling team spirit. "Still, it's closer knit than I expected, considering we have to have a translator at meetings," said Sebastian Coe, who ran for the European team.

Coe demonstrated his mastery in universally understood terms, namely the 12.1 seconds it took him to scorch the last hundred meters of the 800, which he won easily in 1:46.16. James Robinson of the U.S., boxed in until just before the final turn, battled past Detlef Wagenknecht of East Germany for second, 1:47.31 to 1:47.49.

Things were slightly more eventful for Coe's countryman, Steve Ovett, in the 1,500. After Sydney Marree of the U.S. had taken the pace through 800 in 1:57.7, Africa's Mike Boit went sharply ahead. "It's much better to lose because you run out of energy than to lose because you lack the speed at the end,"

Boit said. His intent was not to lose, but to have both himself and Ovett staggering by the stretch. At the bell, Ovett moved from fifth to Boit's shoulder. "Well covered," said Coe, watching intently from the press seats. Boit gave it his best in the backstretch but Ovett's sprint off the last turn was just as decisive as Coe's had been in the 800, and he won in 3:34.95. Boit did indeed suffer in the stretch and was passed by Oceania's John Walker and East Germany's Olaf Beyer. Ovett defied the curious IAAF discouragement of victory laps and blew a kiss—which narrowly missed Coe—toward the press section.

Later, Ovett consented to speak at length to reporters, a thing he hasn't done after a major race since 1977. This startled one journalist into saying, "You don't look at all mean."

"Just a veneer," said Ovett, which is true.

"Is this big rivalry between Ovett and Coe simply a fabrication of the press?" he was asked.

"Yes," he said. "It's just that we're different people. I don't see the guy from one month to the next." Of the victory lap, Ovett said that rather than stealing adulation in an event in which he and

Coe share preeminence, his post-race gesture had simply been an opportunity to show his thanks to the crowd, which numbered 165,000 over the meet's three days.

The Roman legions weren't too pleased with Cliff Wiley's demonstration of how to steal the 400 meters because he stole it from Italy's Mauro Zuliani. Wiley, a former dash man who ran a leg on the world-record-setting U.S. 4x100-meter-relay team in the 1977 World Cup, has gone to the 400 seriously just this year. "But I've run the 200 in 20.3 [actually 20.39], so the quarter-milers can't leave me, and if they wait around, I'll run away from them," he said. In Rome, Wiley whipped past 200 in the vicinity of 21 seconds and off the last turn had a five-meter lead on Zuliani and Jamaica's Bert Cameron. He won by four in 44.88. This year Wiley has won the TAC out-

door, U.S.-U.S.S.R. dual meet, World University Games and World Cup 400s. As he gathered his books to hurry back to his second year at Kansas law school, he went as the next great American quarter-miler.

Another future attorney who aspired to the top spot in the world rankings, Henry Marsh of Bountiful, Utah, found his skills as an advocate necessary at the meet. The American record holder in the steeplechase (8:15.68), Marsh felt he had only to beat Italy's Mariano Scuteczani and Poland's Boguslaw Maminski that he did, spectacularly coming off the last turn in third and wriggling between the two after the final hurdle. But the crucial barrier had been a lap earlier. Approaching the water jump, Marsh held the inside. To his right and a half meter ahead was Ralf Ponitzsch of East Germany. They were fourth and fifth in the still-bunched field. "For some reason he cut in," said Marsh, "which forced me either to push him back away or hop off the track. I didn't want to get into a fight right at the barrier, so I went inside."

Suddenly, to his horror, Marsh found he had run around the water jump, explicit reason for disqualification. "I had a sinking feeling, but what could I do?"

He put it out of mind long enough to win the race in 8:19.31. Duly disqualified on Scartezzini's protest, which moved Mamontov to first in 8:19.89 and Scartezzini to second in 8:19.93, Marsh filed a counterprotest and was allowed to speak personally to the jury of appeals, a rare event. He said, "Essentially, I told them yes, I missed the barrier, but I had no control because I was the victim of a foul." He cited corroborating testimony from Canada's Greg Duhaime, who'd been just behind. As he emerged from the hearing, Marsh, who graduated from the University of Oregon law school in June, said, "Well, I've just won or lost my first case." But the jury had to review the videotapes and adjourned until the next morning. When they finally denied his appeal, Marsh was already on a plane home.

With favorites Marsh and the injured Lewis scoring 0 and 1 (in the 100) on the scale that awarded 9 points for first, 8 for second and so on, the U.S. men's team was in deep trouble. Then discus co-favorite John Powell, who was in Norway, didn't show up. A mix-up in plane tickets. U.S. Head Coach Jim Tappeny of Penn arranged to replace Powell with shotputter Dave Laut. But Laut, who had finished third in the shot the day before, withdrew with a sore knee.

"Who do we get?" asked Tappeny.

"I think that should have been taken care of weeks ago," said Laut.

"If you can think of anyone..."

"Why don't you throw?" said Laut.

Instead, Tappeny found Brian Oldfield summering nearby and brought him in. But TAC had neglected to include Oldfield on the computerized list of potential U.S. entrants. The result? The discus went on without a U.S. thrower when even a miler could have earned the points for ninth.

On the final of the three days, the U.S. men cast aside such woes and showed the talent that had brought them this far. Mel Latany of Georgia left Wells struggling for second in the 200 as he drew away cleanly to win in 20.21 to 20.53.

"Things were going against us," said Latany. "After the 100, the team was on a downer. I wanted to prove to the world that the U.S. sprinters are still the best."

And the hurdlers. Earlier Edwin Moses had won the 400 hurdles in 47.37—

the fifth-fastest time ever and his 69th straight finals victory in the event, a streak that had begun four years earlier at World Cup I in Düsseldorf—and now Greg Foster ran a controlled race on a wet track to win the highs in 13.32 from Alejandro Casañas of Cuba.

In much more of a surprise, Tyke Peacock of the University of Kansas ignored the wet and slippery approach that did in Europe's technically refined jumpers and won the high jump at 7' 5 1/2". The height equaled his personal best. "I only seemed to not mind the rain," Peacock said. "I've never won it before, not in four tries."

And then in a splendid display, the U.S. quarter-milers combined to win the 4x400-meter relay in 2:59.12, the third-fastest time ever. Walter McCoy led off with a crucial 45 flat to get the lead, and then Wiley broke the race open with a 44.5. Willie Smith and Tony Darden ran unopposed the rest of the way in 44.5 and 45 flat, respectively. It was a grand gesture and took most of the sting out of the team standings, won by Europe with 147, over East Germany with 130 and the U.S. with 127.

The U.S. women have never placed higher than fourth in a World Cup, and they finished there again, East Germany won the women's competition with 120.5 points, followed by Europe (110), USSR (98) and the U.S. (89)—so Ashford's 100 meters was less in support of a team effort than an end to an individual two-year-long road of injury, boycott, self-doubt and the patient, thoughtful overcoming of all that.

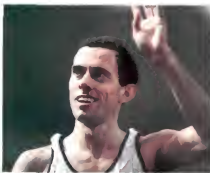
In a way, it was run for a team, but a small one, made up of her husband, Ray Washington, and her coach, Pat Connolly. Both—the calm, good-humored husband and the frenetic, opinionated coach—have been necessary to Ashford, appealing to the disparate elements of her character. As the sprinters stripped off their sweats, Washington watched bleary-eyed, because he had been waking constantly in the Roman nights to watch over his sleeping wife.

Ashford was in Lane 9, almost invis-

ible as she stood behind the blocks, because the others were bouncing and shaking their legs and only she was still. "I didn't feel anything," she said.

Ashford got a good start. To her left, England's Kathy Smallwood started magnificently and, with world record holder (10.88) Marlies Gohr, led for 30 meters. But no one in the world has Ashford's pure speed, and she was almost a meter ahead at the finish in 11.02. The World Cup had its only double victor.

Later Ashford would anchor the U.S. women to second in the 4x100 relay—as an 42.82, the only American record of the meet—and when that was over, despite all the medals, her reaction seemed a blend of relief and a still-summering sense of quest. "This year I really wanted to run under the world record," Ashford had begun, when Connolly interrupted. "It's either been too hot, like in



Quatt kicked to a win in the 1,500, then gave the fans a kick

Sacramento, or there's no competition, or it rains, like in Berlin..."

"Or there's wind, or a bad start," continued Ashford. "I haven't had the perfect race yet. I'll keep running until I find it." Her tone made it sound less like a pledge than an acknowledgment of her own unquenched needs. And seemed to guarantee that two years from now, when there are real track and field world championships in Helsinki, Finland, we again will be lifted by this shy woman's speed and remote grace.



Frazier showed a new Buffalo dimension, opening up the passing game to throw for 254 yards

THE BILLS ARE TOUGH TO PLAY

Based on the way it cashed in against the Jets, Buffalo can bank on a big year

by PAUL ZIMMERMAN

The haze was turning to darkness over Buffalo Sunday, the big electric scoreboard in Rich Stadium read Bills 31, Jets 0, the loudspeaker was blaring a song called *We're Talking Proud*—every NFL team seems to have an anthem these days—and the fans were yelling, "We want the Bills!"

Oh yes, they yelled that in the old days, too. "We want the Bills"—for false representation, for alienation of affections—but now the fans wanted the players to come out and take a curtain call, as the Bills did last year when they beat the Rams in overtime, when 270-pound Middle Guard Freddie Smerlas and the boys returned to the field and high-kicked with the Buffalo Bills.

The fans got only the cheerleaders this time. Smerlas, the focal point of the infamous Bermuda Triangle (along with inside linebackers Jim Haslett and Shane Nelson), stayed in the locker room, where he was waving a small piece of paper. "This is why we aren't out there!" he growled, his dark eyes flashing, his handlebar mustache bristling. "Seventy percent of my paycheck. That's what was deducted. I broke out in a cold sweat when I looked at this."

"Where do we play next week, out of town?" Haslett said. "Thank God. At least we don't have to pay the New York State tax."

"Don't forget, we have to play the Jets at Shea in October," Nelson said. "That's New York State, too."

"Maybe we could move the team to Tampa or Miami," Haslett said.

Signs of the times. The Bermuda Tri-

angle is now made up of 70-percenterers. Each of the trio had his contract upgraded this year. Haslett not without considerable anguish and the threat of NLRB arbitration. That's what happens when you move into the six-figure bracket, fellas, when your achievements are recognized and those low, low wages become semi-respectable salaries by NFL standards. And if the Buffalo defense keeps playing the way it did against the Jets, there's no telling where the payoffs will end. With playoff money for the feds and the state to cut up? With a Super Bowl check to be drawn and quartered? Ah, it's hell being on top.

The Bills, you see, turned in the most impressive performance of Week 1 of the 1981 NFL season, and when the game was finished, when those many hands reached out to pat Coach Chuck Knox on the back in the locker room, he winced slightly and tried to remind everyone within earshot that the season is only one-sixteenth over.

Last year Buffalo's defense shocked

the NFL, rising from the depths to become No. 1 in the league. Now it's no longer shocking, but there was still some mild surprise at what the Bills did to the Jets, the Boys of Summer, the darlings of the exhibition season. In running up a 3-1 preseason record, their best in six years, the Jets had turned the ball over only once in the four games. Quarterback Richard Todd had thrown 77 passes without an interception. Their ground attack had produced almost 170 yards a game, and their defense, nicknamed the Swarm, had held opponents to an average of fewer than 14 points a game.

Students of *continued*

Griggs covered a lot of ground for the Bills, scoring a pair of touchdowns on a 28-yard pass and a 14-yard run.



history pointed out that the smoke of August can quickly blow away once the weather turns nippy, that when the Jets had a 4-1 preseason record in '75, they also opened the regular season in Rich Stadium and got blown away by the Bills, 42-14, on the way to a 3-11 season.

But, gosh, 1981 looked so promising—a million-dollar rookie named Freeman McNeil to run the ball, and a new Todd working under a new offensive coordi-

nator, Joe Walton, and the breathtakingly fast wide receiver tandem of Lam Jones and Wesley Walker. Where did it all go Sunday?

With 1:35 left in the first half the Jets were trailing 10-0, and their last four offensive series had been three downs and punt. Todd had thrown two passes, completed zero. Net passing yards, minus nine on one sack. Net everything yards, 41. McNeil had carried the ball once for one yard.

At this point the Jets gave up trying to establish a running game and Todd opened up. An interception by Buffalo cornerback Charlie Rome ended that venture. Another one by the Bills' other cornerback, Mario Clark, cut off the Jets' first drive of the second half, and when Clark ran it back 45 yards to the Jets' 17, the rout was on.

The Jet defense had played pretty well in the first half, but now it cracked. Three Buffalo possessions in the third quarter, three TDs, and it was time to give the reserves a chance to earn their varsity letters. Buffalo Quarterback Joe Ferguson fired rockets all over the place. Nineteen yards to Wide Receiver Jerry Butler for the Bills' second touchdown, 31 yards to the other wide receiver, Frank Lewis, 46 more to Butler, who had a terrific day with six catches for 123 yards. The Jets

were blowing coverages, coming over a step late, slipping on the artificial turf, which had been soaked by rain the previous day.

The Jets never got past midfield in the third quarter. The final yardage totals showed them 418-231 short ends. Their leading rusher was Todd with 32 yards. McNeil, caught in the middle of a seven running-back shuffle, carried three times for 16 yards. No Jet runner carried more than four times. Lam Jones, the \$1.6 million rookie of 1980, had three passes thrown to him. Zero receptions, one interception.

Are the Bills really that good? Did they crush a genuine contender, or are the Jets merely a rerun of last year's 4-12?

"We're not awesome; we won't overpower people with our personnel," Knox said afterward. "But we're tenacious. We play the same tough brand of football we played last year. We don't have great depth. Injuries can hurt us. But we're a hungry team, and when we play our game, we can be very nasty."

He paused for a moment. The Bills aren't a young team. Twenty of them have five or more years of NFL experience. Twelve of them are 30 or over. Knox has gradually brought in a group of oldtimers, including some rejects and four of his former Rams, to give his clubhouse a well-worn look. He has stuck with people who once were deemed uncoachable.

"Once, when I was on Weeb Ewbank's Jet staff in the early '60s," Knox says, "we were talking about one player who was a real coach's headache, and Weeb said something I'll never forget. He said, 'I have a feeling you just can't coach him, but if you want to be in the trained-seal business, go get a job in the zoo. Throw 'em a kipper and they'll clap their hands for you.'"

The soundness of Knox's ideas was reflected in the Bills' approach last year—a rather old-world mix of ball control and tough defense. But last Sunday the Bills showed a new dimension, which could lift them above the level of contender and into an early front-running Super Bowl position. They showed they could open up when they had to. They threw deep and they threw often. Ferguson completed 15 of 24 passes for two TDs and 254 yards, all the yardage coming in three quarters, and he says this might be a trend.

"Chuck made a comment this week *continued*



Under never-ending pressure from the likes of Smeriles, Todd threw two interceptions, including the one at left that was picked off by Rome's





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that made me happy," he said after the win. "He told us we had to be more wide open, we had to throw the ball more. It surprised me. It was exciting. I think the Jets were expecting a more conservative approach, and when I opened up, it kind of confused them."

Ferguson was a low-key quarterback last season, very sound, very meticulous, but 18 NFL passers threw for more yardage than he did. Sure, it was Buffalo's superb defensive effort against the Jets that set up the carnage that followed, but when given the chance, the Bills showed the kind of quick striking power that was absent in 1980.

"They were biting on a lot of our play fakes, which left us open," said Hallback Joe Cribbs, who caught Ferguson's first touchdown pass, a 28-yarder. "I think you're going to see an explosive type of offense this year. I think we're going to score a lot of points."

Cribbs, who handled the ball more than any NFL back in 1980—running, catching and returning kicks—gets the ultimate mileage out of his 5'11", 190-pound body. Against the Jets he carried 15 times for 61 yards, a rather understated day for him. But he had plenty to say about the Jets' seven-back rotation.

"I wouldn't want to play in a system like that," he said. "If you've got a good back, you've got to work him. McNeil, for instance, is supposed to be a super ballcarrier, but I guess they must feel they've got other people who can do a job, too."



The Bills turned Todd's day topsy-turvy, forcing him to run with the ball more than any Jet back.

"It's no good," Smerlas said. "You come out of the game, you cool off. They were yanking guys in and out so fast that no one got the feel of anything. Sometimes even when you're tired, you get a feel of things in there."

In the Buffalo coaches' room Tom Catlin, the 50-year-old defensive coordinator, was buttoning his shirt and quietly

accepting congratulations. He's in his 22nd year of coaching various phases of defense, and in those two decades-plus he has seen a lot of flashy offenses go down the drain. "He's a genius," said Right Linebacker Brian Robertson, who was with Catlin for seven years in Los Angeles. "The reads he gave us today were right on the money. Perfect."

"I'm kind of glad the Jets went conservative early," Catlin said. "I thought they'd be going long earlier."

But what was the scheme, the brainwork behind this Opening Day shutout? Catlin smiled. The Bills have to play the Jets again in six weeks.

"We were just laying back playing a zone defense," he said.

But Lam Jones, Freeman McNeil—how did the Bills shut out \$3 million worth of talent like that?

"I couldn't even tell you when Jones and McNeil were in there," Catlin said. "I couldn't keep up with that. People kept going in and out so fast you'd go crazy trying to follow it. We just played our normal scheme."

"You know, I'm kind of surprised the score showed 31-0. I'll remember this game as a dogfight."

But on Sunday it turned out that only one of the dogs had teeth.

END



Todd wasn't a New York hero even though he was occasionally sandwiched by Buffalo defenders.

The Showdown

After a seemingly endless string of forgettable champions defending even more forgettable titles (super-junior-cruiserweight), the Sugar Ray Leonard-Thomas Hearns welterweight title consolidation fight next Wednesday night at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas comes as a refreshing rain after a season-long drought. It is a classic matchup: Hearns, 22, the undefeated WBA champion, is 147 pounds of corded muscles tightly coiled around a freakish (for a welterweight) 6' 1" frame; and Leonard, 25, a loser only to Roberto Duran, is a baby-faced amalgam of speed, grace and mammoth power. Leonard, the 5' 10" Olympic champion, holds two crowns: the WBC welterweight title, which he will risk against Hearns, and the WBA junior middleweight championship, which he won three months ago and is holding in reserve as a hedge against unthinkable defeat.

Both have predicted a knockout. By a long ton, Leonard is the superior boxer. Hearns, who fancies himself a boxer, is pure slugger, about as scientific as a wrecking ball. If it should end with both fighters on their feet, Leonard will be the one with his hands in the air.



SUGAR SHOULD FROST HIM

Thomas Hearns is an imposing physical presence, but in the showdown fight for the welterweight title, he'll find Sugar Ray Leonard too quick and too good

by PAT PUTNAM

This will be the richest fight in history. Caesars paid \$3.75 million to host the fight, and then spent another million for promotion and to erect a temporary 25,000-seat stadium a stone's throw from the parking lot where heavyweight champion Larry Holmes dispatched Muhammad Ali last October. With a \$500 top, the arena is scaled to do \$6 million. Ten days before the fight, the promoters announced a sellout.

Top Rank paid \$1 million for foreign TV rights and expects to bounce the fight off three satellites and into 40 to 50 countries. As for closed-circuit TV, Main Event Productions—run by the curious combination of a rock-concert promoter, an attorney and a college bus-



ketball coach, and which operates out of a one-story building it shares with a barbershop in Totowa, N.J.—has put the fight in 275 locations, with a potential audience of two million. At an average of \$20 a seat, the closed-circuit gross could hit \$40 million. Another \$10 million to \$15 million is possible from the pay-per-view market, which has approximately one million outlets in 20 cities.

"The response has been so tremendous it's scary," said Shelly Finkel (the rock promoter), who will share a fixed promoter's fee of \$1.5 million with his two rookie partners, Dan Duva, the Clarence Darrow of the threesome, and Dan Doyle, who last season coached Trinity

The 6' 1" Hearn has a distinct advantage in height (T) and reach (4½"), but Leonard has the edge in savvy and speed. The WBC champ's slinging job will make it difficult for the WBA champ to set up for his own jab or his devastating right hand.

(Conn.) College to a 22-4 basketball record.

Total revenues from all sources already have passed \$32 million. The previous high was the \$29 million for Leonard-Duran I in Montreal in June 1980. That night Leonard lost his welterweight title but gained \$9.7 million. "I would be totally shocked if he doesn't exceed that on this fight," says Mike Trainer, Leonard's attorney. Hearn's share will be \$5.1 million, plus one-quarter of the net above \$21 million. Leonard's post-

tax net could surpass Hearn's pretax gross. There's no debate about which fighter is the drawing card.

Sugar Loaf Mountain lies in the northwest corner of Michigan, on a slender finger of wooded land that juts out into Lake Michigan, and it was at a ski resort here, after a four-hour ride in the rain from Detroit (he missed his plane), that Hearn did his early training. It is an area of splendid solitude, a backwoods hush that gives a man time to reflect. This is fish-

continued

ing country, which suited Hearn, and each fall the hardwood forests are invaded by battalions of deer hunters. Sugar Loaf isn't actually a mountain; it's a 600-foot hill with a 33-degree slope—called "Awful, Awful"—that drops off for a mile. Sometimes on his morning runs Hearn would assault the slope, but mostly he was content to run the adjacent golf course, which is bordered by cherry orchards. By either route, hill or rolling pasture, he covered between three and five miles.

A ring was set up in a large barnlike structure normally used for indoor tennis. The building is called Sugar Barn, but if Hearn read any significance into the appellation he let it slide. When he was not at work, the fighter could usually be found in Baroner No. 8, one of the town houses on the perimeter of the resort, where he whiled away his otherwise unoccupied hours watching video-

apes of kung fu or Elvis Presley movies. The telephone seemed programmed to ring at 30-second intervals; mostly it was ignored.

Late one afternoon, after a 45-minute training session in the barn, Hearn returned to his sanctuary trailed by a covey of press people. He'll never be mistaken for an orator, but he tries. His normal expression is that of a veteran poker player; he is a man of closet emotions.

"I have nothing against Ray Leonard," he said in response to a question. "I still think he's a nice fellow. He just happens to have something I want. If I beat him, I will get the recognition. I need the recognition. I've always wanted to be the best." A tiny crack appeared in the ice; a glimmer of a smile. "Ray has really never done anything to me. He's run off at the mouth a few times, but that's something we are going to fix up on September 16th."

Shortly after arriving at Sugar Loaf, just 26 days before the fight, Hearn and his crew drove 20 miles to Traverse City, a picturesque fishing village at the southern tip of West Bay. A softball game had been scheduled against a team of local media. A first baseman, Hearn played seven innings, the last two in the gathering dusk. As a hitter he went 1 for 5; as one of the stars in a \$40 million-plus fight, he struck out against common sense.

"You don't want to do anything to upset his normal routine," explained Prentiss Byrd, outfielder, close friend and No. 2 man to Emanuel Steward, Hearn's manager and trainer, at Detroit's Kronk gym. Countered a listener, "If he breaks a leg playing softball, you're going to upset his normal delivery of \$5 million to the bank."

Another game was scheduled for the following night, this one against the police and firemen in nearby Cedar Steward, who had pitched the night before, elected to pass. After taking heat from the media in residence, he also ordered that Hearn could play only in the safety of rightfield.

It was left to Byrd to relay to Hearn his banishment to the outfield. The fighter proved stubborn. "I want to play first base."

"No, the boss says..."

"Then I'll play second..."

"No, the boss says..."

"I don't give a damn what the boss says," Hearn snapped. Angered, he turned his car homeward, refusing to test the Steward theory that rightfielders don't suffer grievous injury.

As part of his training regime, Hearn engages in simulated fights with Steward, who, after donning gloves that resemble catcher's mitts, directs the combat in pantomime. It's like painting by the numbers. The strokes are crisp and clean; the painting resembles a masterpiece. It fails, however, to make of the pointer an artist.

Steward: "Tommy does everything exactly as I tell him. He listens intently to what I say and then goes out and executes exactly what I tell him. Tommy is like a robot."

Harold Weston Jr., now the assistant matchmaker at Madison Square Garden, agrees, but without applause. In May of 1979 Weston, already partly blind in his right eye because of a detached retina, fought Hearn in Las Vegas. In the sixth

continued



Leonard trained against tall fighters and worked on his body attack. If Hearn is off with his left, Leonard's trainer, Jenks Morton, says, he can aspect a right to the heart or looks to the side—always in the same place, a shade below the rib cage

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Have you ever seen a grown man cry?

round, with Hearn's fading badly. Weston was struck in his good eye. He claimed it was a thumb. Whether it was or not, Weston, who had won the fifth and sixth rounds and seemed en route to a rout, was left almost sightless and was forced to retire in his corner.

"Hearn is a programmed fighter, as Steward claims," Weston says. "But if the fight doesn't go the way they plan, he's totally lost. He cannot adjust. Like in my fight, he went back to his corner and said, 'He's not falling. He's not falling. What do I do now?' He was getting scared to death."

A few weeks ago Weston discussed strategy with Leonard in Las Vegas. Weston came away convinced that Leonard will win by a knockout. "I like his strategy," he says. "I like his attitude. His thinking is a lot like mine was. When I fought Hearn, my strategy was to stay low, get inside and dig body punches and keep the pressure on. I knew if I did that, his hand speed would slow down, his punching power wouldn't be as effective and I'd knock him out in the eighth or ninth round. We were headed in that direction when I got hit in the eye. I knew I had him because he started running, and he had never run from anybody I was fast, but Leonard is about three times as fast as I was. I don't think Hearn has ever been hit as fast as he'll be hit on September 16th."

As an amateur, Hearn was strictly a singles hitter. He had 163 fights, won all but eight, but had only 11 knockouts. Not until after he became a professional did he master the leverage that converted him into such a devastating puncher. As a pro he has stopped 30 of 32 opponents. Most were intimidated by his 78½-inch reach and 73-inch height, which seems even greater in the ring because he wears elevator boxing shoes. The majority of his opponents came in handcuffed by fear, ready-made victims.

Hearn will enjoy no such advantage against Leonard.

Janks Morton, Leonard's prime trainer since his ring infancy, says, "The one

thing I was afraid of the most when Ray turned pro in 1977 was that we might overmatch him. He wouldn't know he was overmatched. He'd just fight until he died. But I don't worry anymore. Hey, after two wars with Duran, to hell with Hearn. Hearn can knock the wall down coming out of the dressing room. Ray will still be standing in the center of the ring waiting for him."

Cus D'Amato, 73, manager of former champions Floyd Patterson and José Torres, sees the fight as a contest between an experienced and very competent amateur (Hearn) and a true and—by D'Amato's tough yardstick—rare pro-

binations. You can probably avoid the first, but you'll get hit with the second, or the third, or the fourth. Some guys can hurt you with the first punch, or the last one, but they aren't like Leonard, who can knock you out with any punch he throws in a combination."

They take a different stand in the Hearn camp, of course, but Steward sounds like a man with his fingers crossed. "Sugar Ray Leonard never knocked out anybody with his ability," he says. "They all just got tired because they were in a brawl. Besides, Tommy has got the greatest chin I ever trained, and he isn't easy to hit. He just holds



The right hand may be Hearn's only chance. He has taken out most of his 32 opponents with the right, after carefully setting them up with left jabs. Last week Hearn broke the jaw of sparring partner Melton Stirling with an overhand right while wearing yellow-lace 18-ounce gloves.

fessional (Leonard). After praising Hearn as a devastating puncher and a savage finisher, D'Amato, boxing's resident oracle, says, "I don't believe he's as good a fighter as everybody thinks. He doesn't throw punches with combination rhythm. Like ta-ta-ta, like an Ali or a Robinson, or a LaMotta when he was LaMotta. Hearn goes ta-ta-ta. There's a break in the rhythm. A man of experience, like Leonard, can avoid every one of them. Leonard throws com-

out those long arms of his and says stop."

If Hearn has a great chin, Leonard surely will discover it. Hearn can be hit; he's just never been hit by a real hitter. Last April he stopped a one-armed Randy Shields on cuts in 12 rounds. Shields, whose left arm was useless because of a training injury that was exacerbated during the fight, wasn't intimidated.

"They keep talking about his mean eyes," Shields says. "No professional is going to be bothered by that. He tried it

continued



Perhaps the most important tactic that Leonard picked up from Muhammad Ali was pulling back his head to avoid rights. If Leonard can frustrate Hearns in this manner for 10 rounds, Sugar Ray will have a better chance of stopping him

THE SHOWDOWN *continued*

on me before the fight and I felt like laughing in his face."

Unblessed by power, Shields is, in the vernacular of the trade, a cutie: quick of foot and head, a defensive fighter who could make a firing squad look bad. Late in 1978 he went 10 rounds with Leonard and lost a very close decision. Before being stopped by Hearns on the cuts, he had drilled at least a dozen clean right hands to Hearns's angular chin.

"Like all guys who rely on power, Hearns has neglected other areas, like defense," D'Amato says. "If Shields had any kind of power he'd have knocked him out. And that last guy he fought down in Houston, Pablo Baez, who wasn't too much, hit Hearns a right hand and drove him into the ropes, and Hearns covered up à la Ali. Somewhere along the line, Leonard will get him in the position where one of those incompetents got him—I mean incompetent compared to Leonard—and hit him like a dozen right hands to the jaw. Or if he gets him on the ropes like Baez had him, he'll stop him. Leonard won't let him get away. Leonard is one hell of a finisher, like Robinson was."

The opening bell has just rung and the two fighters move forward. The temperature is between 75° and 85°, but in September there is always a refreshing coolness to the Nevada desert at night. The fight has started at



twilight and the heat is not a factor.

Hearns begins with a rush. He has always been an overanxious starter, as though he needed early knockouts to overcome Leonard's gold medal and cosmic personality. "He comes out like an amateur," Weston says with disdain. Hearns is the *Himan*, a *nom de guerre* he despises but one he seems subconsciously determined to justify.

When people speak of Hearns, it's always of the right hand. But it's the left that is the killer. The left hand forces the head under the blade; only then does the right drop the guillotine. While Leonard is amassing a ton of points, Hearns's jab strikes out, again and again, a hissing snake searching for a victim... but finding only the Nevada air.

Odell Hadley is 6' 2", and as he spars with Leonard in the ring set up in one of Caesar's Palace's cavernous convention rooms, he is doing his best to imitate Hearns's jab. Leonard has already gone three smartly paced five-minute rounds with 6' 1" Ray Kates, and he has yet to draw a deep breath. "His legs are like steel," whispers Victor Abraham, another sparring partner, as he watches Leonard in action.

Hadley's long left arm flicks out, again and again, and Leonard uses it to see where he is positioned after the jab slide harmlessly past his left ear. Now and again Leonard lobbs a stern right hand to Hadley's head. It's not the classic straight right; it comes in an arc, like a mortar shell.

"Anybody who thinks that Sugar Ray Leonard can't punch is in for a big surprise," says Jimmy Jacobs, the manager of WBC junior middleweight champion Wilfred Benitez. Leonard won his welterweight title by stopping Benitez in the 15th round, in November of 1979. "Before that fight," Jacobs goes on, "we studied films of about a dozen of Leonard's fights. Half of them ended in one-punch knockouts. It was a tremendous thing to see."

To the amazement of no one at ringside, Leonard has been outboxing his two taller opponents. "And he'll outjab Hearns," predicts Angelo Dundee, who worked with Muhammad Ali and is Leonard's trainer. He'll huddle with Morton just before the fight to plot strategy. "They talk about Hearns's height and his 78½-inch reach. Ray's is 74 and he'll neutralize the difference with

speed and movement, like Willie Pasirano, Willie had the shortest arms in history, but he was so quick he outjabbed everybody. Ray has that same ability."

Hadley is now in his third round, Leonard in his sixth. Between rounds they are resting for only 30 seconds. At the five-minute mark a one calls time. At the seven-minute mark Leonard, tired of practicing the jab, moves inside. He comes in quickly, bobbing and weaving, behind a flicking left hand, and then, his right glove tucked up under his chin to ward off a counter uppercut, he slams a hook to the body. Then he's gone.

A moment later, Hadley, while trying to ward off another assault, accidentally catches Leonard in the right eye. Grimacing, Leonard steps back, pouting at the eye. Then, in a cold fury, he moves in and rips tight, vicious hooks deep into Hadley's side. "God, when he hits you like that it's awesome," Abraham says. "And it's always in the same place." Lightly, Abraham jabs a finger into a listener's body, low, just a shade below the rib cage.

The round lasts 9½ minutes.

The following day Leonard was committed to appear on the Tonight Show in L.A., which Bill Cosby was guest-hosting. So, except for his usual 4:30 a.m. run, he took the day off. A little after 3 p.m., he and four friends flew to Los Angeles.

Flying doesn't appeal to Leonard. By talking about the fight he was able to take his mind off being at 38,000 feet. He had a window seat, but he rarely looked out.

His thoughts were on the first Duran fight, the one he lost in Montreal. "All that pressure," he said, shaking his head. "It was the first time I was in a position like that. Like Hearn is now. He's going to taste it. It's uncomfortable, it really is. He said it won't bother him. I said the same thing. But it eventually got to me. It bothers everyone until you've gone through it once. I'm interested to see how he handles it."

Another theory in Hearn's camp is that Leonard is no longer hungry, that he has lost his appetite for fighting. Leonard laughed. "Hungry for what? They use money against me because that's all they have. But I like to win, period. I like the sport. I like the artistry of boxing. I like the challenge. I like the competition. I like it when they say I can't



"Like all guys who rely on power," says Randy Shields, who lost to both Hearn and Leonard, "Hearn has neglected the other areas, like defense." Leonard will try to slip Hearn's jabs and come over the top to stop him after the 10th round.

beat a fellow, and then when I beat him I look forward to the excuses they make. If it's only money, why is Pete Rose still playing? Why is Tony Dorsett still playing? I want this fight bad.

The same as Duran Two. I wanted him bad the second fight. I know what I can do now and I can do it even better because of the experience. I didn't want the Hearn fight just to beat him; I wanted this fight so I can show the world just how good I really am. Hungry? I'm darn hungry."



The two champions are in the final round now. Past the 10th, but not yet to the 15th. Hearn has been taking a fierce beating to the body. He has been missing wildly all night, and when he misses, he leaves himself woefully off-balance. For an instant after he throws a jab, his back foot is off the floor, making him a one-legged fighter. When he misses, Hearn rebounds with a backhand, as much to recover his balance as to distract his opponent.

"That's when Ray will nail him," Meeton said. "To the body, kidney shots, under the heart. Steward taught Tommy how to punch. But he forgot to teach him how to duck."

Still trying, Hearn throws a jab. Leonard swats it aside with his left hand and, stepping in smartly, arcs a right to the jaw.

After that, all they have to do is go to the bank.

CONTINUED

The Showdown

I went to a motivational training course once, a course of self-discovery, and I found out after a week that my fear—it was not a fear of not being accepted—was a very violent fear of failure.

—EMANUEL STEWARD, trainer/manager of Thomas Hearns

For Emanuel Steward, Thomas Hearns is the embodiment not only of Steward's craft as a trainer—he is the only trainer Hearns has ever had—but also of his savvy and judgment as a manager. Steward has trained and managed professionally for less than four years, since Hearns turned pro on Nov. 25, 1977, but he has already raised two world champi-

ons out of Detroit's celebrated Kronk Gym. The first, Hilmer Kenty, won the WBA lightweight title from Ernesto Espinoza on March 2, 1980. Five months later to the day, Hearns knocked out Piping Cuevas to win the WBA welterweight championship. Kenty has since lost his title (to Sean O'Grady), but the undefeated Hearns has defended his three times (Luis Primera, Randy Shields and Pablo Racz). Meanwhile, Steward has put the Kronk and most of its fighters on hold. "It's right to say I'm in transition," Steward says.

(continued)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL SKALAK

by WILLIAM NACK

Emanuel Steward has been a laborer, a die setter, an auto worker and a trainer of young boxers. Now he has put his life on hold for Thomas Hearns

...AND IN THIS CORNER



Steward (left), Walter Smith (center) and Don Williams will be in Hearns's corner against Leonard in Las Vegas.

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Not one to rest on his laurels, Steward studies videotapes of Hearns even when his day is done

THE SHOWDOWN continued

That's hardly new. In one form or another, Emanuel Steward has been in passage for almost all of his 37 years. He was born just outside the coal-mining West Virginia town of Bluefield, on July 7, 1944, the eldest of three children of Catherine and Emanuel Sr. No one in the family boxed, or urged young Emanuel to, but he began when he was eight, after his parents gave him a pair of Jack Dempsey-model gloves. The gift enthralled him and set the direction of his life. When he wasn't picking wild strawberries in the surrounding hills or plucking fish out of a nearby creek with his bare hands, he was rearranging the shape of his mother's pillows or inviting friends home to have their noses bloodied.

"I had a wonderful time in West Virginia," Steward says. When he was 10, his parents separated, and his mother and the children went to Detroit by train. "I'll never forget that long, lonely ride," Steward says. "We left on Friday and it rained the whole trip. We got to Detroit on a Saturday evening. I didn't know what was going on. I thought it was the end of the world—not knowing that it was the beginning of a new life."

Steward brought with him the urge to box, and by the time he was 12 he had found his way to the Brewster Gym, where Joe Louis got his start. The gym fascinated him—the fighters in headgear, the rhythm of the men working the bags and skipping rope, the sparring in the rings—and it drew him back. As an am-

ateur bantamweight, fighting first as Little Sonny Steward, later as Sonny Boy Steward, he developed into a good student of the stylists of the day.

"I used to love to see Willie Pep and Ray Robinson," Steward says. "To me, the epitome of a great athlete is a great boxer. I just love the rhythm of seeing a man dance, slip punches. I loved the dancers and boxers. I would see them and he mesmerized."

They influenced his style. Robert Watson, today the chairman of the Michigan State Athletic Board of Control, refereed a number of Steward's fights. "A good boxer, a jabber—smooth, slip-and-counter," Watson says. "He wasn't a slapper. He punched sharp, but he didn't hit hard. He knew all the things to do."

Steward won 94 of 97 amateur fights, and crowned his career in Chicago by winning the 1963 national Golden Gloves bantamweight title.

Steward didn't turn pro, becoming instead a coach. In 1963 he guided five juniors, ages 10 through 15, to five titles in a tournament sponsored by the Detroit Parks and Recreation Department. His first fighter was 14-year-old Elbert Steele Jr., to whose sister, Marie, Steward was engaged. Elbert was undefeated in 20 fights under Steward.

Marie and Emanuel were married in 1964—she still wears, on a necklace, the diamond-studded Golden Glove he won the year before—and they settled into a six-room apartment in Detroit. Steward had graduated with honors from Eastern High School in 1962 and knocked about

in odd jobs: as a laborer in the folding-door company where his mother worked; later as a die-setter; as a quality control inspector at an auto-parts plant; and on the assembly line at Chrysler. He was working for Chrysler when he took the job that changed his life—laborer with the city utility, Detroit Edison. By 1965 his first daughter, Sylvia, had arrived, and the following year Steward began to climb utility poles. He also enrolled in the electrical apprenticeship program at Henry Ford Community College, working days while going to class at night.

"I decided, if I'm going to be there, I didn't want to be no damn laborer," Steward says. "When I started, I sat in class and didn't even know what they were talking about. I was so embarrassed. I had been an honor student, but the standards at inner city schools had been so low. I had never done any algebra or geometry, and I couldn't participate in class. I used to go home and study related books till three o'clock in the morning, trying to understand. It was rough."

For three years Steward stayed away from the gym. "I didn't even miss it," he says. "I bought myself a new little brick bungalow, in a nice section of the city. I bought a German shepherd puppy. I had a new little LeMans sports coupe, burgundy and black. I had a career at Detroit Edison. In 1969 another kid [Sylvette] was on the way. The Great American Dream. I was really happy. And then fate intervened."

Steward's father, who had remarried, called from West Virginia and asked him to look after his 15-year-old son, James—Emanuel's half brother. Steward agreed. One day in the fall of 1969, James quietly asked Emanuel, "Can you take me somewhere to get some boxing lessons?" They were living on the far West Side at the time, and there happened to be a gym nearby. It was named after a former city councilman, John F. Kronk.

Soon Steward was immersed in boxing again. James won the 1970 subjunior Golden Gloves (title in Detroit). Steward became a part-time coach at Kronk at \$30 a week, and in 1971 seven of his kids won Golden Gloves titles. "I got so engrossed in it then," he says. "I started taking the kids on weekends to little tournaments, trying to get them more experience, running here, running there, and get back into my system."

Steward was climbing steadily at De-

continued

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troit Edison—he was a master electrician by then, a project director supervising 200 employees, he also had a new gold Cadillac and a salary of \$500 a week—but the gym was becoming more demanding. Marie didn't like it. "We had a regular check coming in, with overtime," she says. But Steward took \$5,000 from their savings and invested it in a cosmetics distributorship. Then, on March 3, 1972, he resigned from Detroit Edison and started to devote all his attention to his amateur program at the Kronk.

"I decided to see how far I could go in this," he says. "My dream was to take an amateur team and make it nationally famous. The deep dream of everybody is always to have a world champion, but I never really had any specific plans for professional boxing."

Elliott Steele Sr., Steward's 68-year-old father-in-law, recalls when the two

used to fish for crappies and bass from the banks of the Detroit River. Emanuel would let Steele off by the bank and then drive a block or two to park the car.

"By the time he got to the river, I'd have caught three or four fish," Steele says. "This went on a few days. One day I said to him, 'Man, Sonny, you're so slow. What are you gonna do when you're my age?' He said, 'When I get to be your age, I hope I don't have to do nothin'.' His ambition was to be rich. He knew he couldn't get there working for someone else. If he'd just wanted to make a living, he could have stayed at Detroit Edison. He'd have been making \$1,000 a week by now. He'll make more out of this fight than he could have working a hundred years."

"It's just something that happened," says Marie. "It wasn't like, 'I'm gonna get in there and build these fighters up and, wow! we're gonna be rich one day.' He loved boxing, and I think that's why it happened."

Whatever, if a very violent fear of failure possessed Steward, it didn't govern him. Detroit Edison meant success, security, and he left it to court what he feared most. It wasn't an easy time. The cosmetics distributorship failed, so he did electrical work and sold health insurance on the side. The gym work paid him \$1,500 a year, and he used what other money he could scratch together to support his family and finance the weekend excursions of the Kronk Boxing Team.

It didn't take Steward long to build perhaps the finest amateur boxing program in the land. Interwoven with the themes of unity and order and inspired by ferocious competition, the Kronk, under Steward, became a kind of paradox: a Boy Scout troop set in a Darwinian laboratory. The boys hung out together, cheering for each other from Chicago to Cleveland, and Steward insisted that they behave decorously and dress neatly, in the Kronk red, gold and blue.

"It was a unit," says Don Thibodeaux, a trainer at Kronk and one of Hearn's cornermen.

"Emanuel in the corner giving instructions to fighters sparring in the ring. Trainers on the floor working with their fighters. It was like an unbeatable team, a family—spar, work, play and fight together. And then go out of town and come back with all the trophies." "I think it's important psychologically that people feel unity," Steward says.

Steward was the sustaining voice and presence of the Kronk. And he was also its master trainer and technician, teaching his youngsters—Hearn, Kenty, Mickey Goodwin, Milt McCrory and the rest—how to fight. He encouraged them to think for themselves and find the routines that suited them.

"I'm not a fanatic on certain things, like snapping rope," Steward says. "For instance, Thomas doesn't like to skip rope; he never liked it." So he doesn't do it. Nor does Hearn like the speed bag, so he doesn't do much of that. If there is one abiding theme in the gym, it's the withering work in the ring. Those not fit do not survive. "They don't have heart, they don't make it through the gym," Steward says. Frequently, as with Hearn, Steward will have his fighters work with bigger and heavier opponents.

Kronk fighters all tend to look like Ethiopian long-distance runners; the spike-heel Hearn is the archetype. Steward's critics say he emasculates his charges, working them too hard in a gym he keeps too hot—more than 90°. "All I can say is, I have a very good track record and I'm not changing," Steward says. "There's not as much oxygen in that hot gym and I think it's great for conditioning. I believe in a lot of boxing. You can train and work on the speed bag and heavy bag, but when you get in the ring with another fighter, it's a different story. Punches are coming at you, there's physical contact, muscle against muscle. It's like a guy shooting baskets. He can sit in the backyard and shoot baskets and he can be a genius at it, and then he gets in an actual game and guys are coming at him from every direction and now he's got to shoot fast, from every position, and it's a different ball game. So I think that sparring a lot is very, very good. Even if you wear headgear, blows are partially going through, and I think the muscle and tissue alongside the jaw get strengthened. . . . I've never had a guy knocked out in a professional fight."

Some Kronk fighters carry their left

continued



Steward catches Tony Tucker's punches with his big mitts

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hand hazily low, but Steward says he doesn't teach this. "It's more a Hearn's characteristic," says lightweight Davey Armstrong, a U.S. Olympian in 1972 and 1976 who began training at the Kronk last year. If Steward has a passion, aside from an insistence that his fighters attack the body—"Go to the liver!" he yells to them repeatedly—it's balance.

"I think the real key is to have the weight evenly distributed between the left and right legs at all times," Steward says. He believes that balance is the key defensively—to getting out of trouble—and offensively—to making trouble. "Thomas holds his left hand low sometimes, but his weight is so evenly distributed that he can move to the left and right, step straight back, step in. A lot of his knockouts have come because when he punches, he gets such beautiful position and leverage. Most of our heavy-weight fighters today don't punch that good because they're off balance, off on one leg or leaning to the right, imitating Ali. But Thomas is like one of the old-timers: good position, leverage and balance, his weight evenly distributed."

Techniques aside, Steward has gotten so much out of so many fighters because he has made himself a student of them all, searching for what moves them. He sees Hearn's motivated by the same fear that drives him: failure. For Goodwin, his middleweight, it's money. On Aug. 22, at the Glacier Arena in Traverse City, Mich., Goodwin tangled with a tough, inspired, if unknown, middleweight named Jimmy (School Boy) Baker. It was a close fight, and going into the last round Steward chanted into Mickey's ear, "Look, you're blowin' this damn fight! You know that apartment you want? You know that bar and restaurant you wanna buy? All of that is gone, man, if you don't win this fight! You're standing on the threshold of a good TV fight and you're gonna screw it up. You're blowin' it, Mickey!"

"I'm tryin', I'm tryin'," Mickey choked. "What should I do? What should I do?"

"Do what I been tellin' you. Don't hit him and then lay on top of him and smother your work. Hit him and step back, hit him and step off to the side!" Fighting like a man possessed and doing what he was told, Goodwin stopped Baker in the final round.

Steward insists that when he started at the Kronk, he had no intention of turn-



Two guesses who's the man hiding behind the beard and the mop. Tense's up. It's Doc Thibodeaux.

ing it into a professional enterprise. But then his amateurs outgrew the three-rounders, and had to make a living—and Steward went pro with Hearn's in 1977. "Otherwise, I'd be making champions for someone else," he says. "Let's be realistic: someone else would be coming and stealing everything."

Steward thought he had a license to print money, but it was a long fall and winter in 1977. One day Steward and Thibodeaux set off by car from Detroit to New York, dragging a U-Haul. Thibodeaux is a sculptor, and the rig contained a 1,200-pound metal sculpture of Muhammad Ali, made of welded automobile bumpers, depicting Ali throwing the punch that felled George Foreman.

Thibodeaux was bringing the piece to sell it, while Steward was bearing a scrapbook of Hearn's amateur exploits, hoping to sell his fighter to network television. Leonard and his fellow Olympic gold medal winner, lightweight Howard Davis, had turned pro the year before and signed lucrative TV contracts. Steward wanted none of that action. He and Thibodeaux must have looked a sight as they walked down the Avenue of the Americas: the 5' 8", 155-pound Steward very neatly shaven and dressed in a trim dark suit ("He looked like a Muslim," Thibodeaux says), the 5' 8½" sculptor, weighing 235 pounds, 100 above his amateur fighting weight, wearing a cranberry-colored dashiki beneath a chin festooned with a foot of flowing red beard.

Thibodeaux showed his sculpture in Madison Square Garden but didn't sell it until much later, for \$40,000, to a Michigan doctor, and Steward didn't make it with the networks. "CBS told me not to bother," he says. "NBC let me talk to them, but they weren't interested in getting involved in a fighter. With ABC I got into the lobby. I talked by phone with someone upstairs, and he told me to leave the scrapbook. I never did. I wanted to cry. Don and I said the hell with it and went back home. I used to be bitter, but no more."

Now Hearn has his chance. As for the Kronk, many of the fighters there feel they've been pushed aside in Steward's rush to get Hearn's to the top. Steward hardly goes to the gym anymore, and his absence has been an emotional wrench for those to whom he had grown so close. Kronk fighters feel neglected and rejected, Steward sympathizes but says the game has changed, that all hinges on what Hearn does against Leonard, that Kronk will never be what it once was.

He asks only that you hear this: "I want to finish up with the amateur kids I have now, so then I will have given every one of them a chance to go as far as they can go in professional boxing. (Pause.) Then, after that, I want to retire from professional boxing. I think six or seven years. Then go back to amateur boxing again. Get me some little kids about 10 years old. That's what I really want to do! Get me another Kronk!"

END

More than any championship event, more even than a protracted World Series, the U.S. Open tennis tournament spread-eagles a network. CBS is telecasting a minimum of 31 hours this year, six afternoons of live action and 11 nights of half-hour highlights. In the past the network paid little attention to such a high-demographic showcase. Even the president of CBS Sports, Van Gordon Sauter, acknowledges that much of last year's presentation was "grotesque." So, for this September, he ordered changes.

Brent Musburger would captain the ship on camera, and there actually would be interviews, statistics and planned features. Sauter, however, stood fast with his personnel, except for bringing in a new highlight-show producer and breaking up the old-show team of Pat Sum-

merall and Tony Trabert. Instead, he paired John Newcombe with Summerall and put Virginia Wade with Trabert in the mixed. Such shifting about seems to be the rage at CBS this fall, all sorts of NFL announcing teams have been recast, and Mr. Jim Snyder and Mrs. John Y. Brown have been electronically divorced on camera. Some may say these changes are only a rearranging of the deckhands on the *Titanic*, but at least at the Open the new pairings are an improvement, and in several respects the live coverage is modestly better.

The ex-jocks, Newcombe particularly, are technically incisive, and—hallolelujah!—he and the others chatter far less than their garrulous NBC rivals do at Wimbledon. CBS also deserves credit for treating John McEnroe's demands to have the network's on-court microphone removed as just another news story.

Unfortunately, what is, again, so lacking in the live coverage is any sense of place, or any feel for the players as identifiable flesh and blood. They are incre-

mented. But that's the point: Their effectiveness is based on being efficiently neuter, never imposing themselves as human beings in any meaningful way.

Because Musburger—like McKay and Gumbel—has the talents of an introducer rather than of an interlocutor, the evening show often struggles when he has to elicit comment. That's too bad, because some of the feature pieces have been much more pale and thin than they should have been. The jock correspondents don't have the verbal skills to support the pieces without a script, and Musburger draws only hackneyed responses.

Maybe this isn't fair to Musburger. His proficiency is welcome. Yet that very quality makes him a generic product. As Sauter himself points out, the crowd that stays up late to watch tennis recaps isn't channel-hopping. These most devoted fans should be catered to more familiarly. CBS would be wise to note how the BBC handles its late-night Wimbledon résumé. The show starts with Gerald Williams, a fine writer and knowledgeable tennis observer, delivering a very wry, very personal three-minute summary of the day's activities. Essentially, CBS's late-night show—its whole coverage—needs some of that bedside manner.

And, forgive me, it also needs to learn that "highlights" of a tennis match doesn't mean just the final point. Would CBS pass up showing touchdown passes and blocked kicks to air football highlights consisting of the quarterback falling on the ball to run out the last 15 seconds? Yet a significant percentage of the CBS late-night tennis highlight footage has consisted of two tired people shaking hands over the net.

Finally, how nice it would have been if, during the early and middle rounds, CBS had told us how the draws were unfolding. By 11:30 serious fans know who beat whom that day, what they don't know—and can't determine from newspapers—are the upcoming pairings.

Perhaps that's nit-picking. The late-night show is comprehensive and often engaging, and a giant step up. Still, insofar as the live coverage is concerned, there are miles to go before we peak. **END**

Brent Musburger as anchorman is only one of the many needed improvements in CBS's U.S. Open tennis coverage

Good but still not at the top



ly faceless stroke-makers, and if Bud Collins does go on too much over at NBC, how we miss him when he's not around to breathe some life into the participants.

Musburger's nocturnal highlight festivals are far more accomplished. The host, as we know from football, is a special sort of sports TV technician in an exclusive little family that also numbers Jim McKay of ABC and Bryant Gumbel of NBC. These roundup fellows, usually plugged in by an earpiece, are quite good at what they do, even if what they do is extremely

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No slouch in the crouch

Oakland's Rickey Henderson may slump in the batter's box, but that's the only phase of his play that comes up short

The most arresting sight around the Oakland A's these days isn't a clutch homer by Tony Armas, another complete game from a member of their estimable rotation or even Krazy George, the Wild Bill Hagy of the West. It's Rickey Henderson at the plate.

Standing deep in the batter's box, Henderson, one of those rare players who throw left and bat right, assumes an extreme crouch, weight back, left foot edging warily forward, as if he were covering a body of cold water. "Stand up like a man," catchers tell him. Henderson ignores them. Instead, he picks on a pitch that he likes and snaps upward, lashing at

the ball like an uncoring cobra.

"I must be doing something right," Henderson says, "because kids keep telling me they're using my stance. I can see the ball better this way than standing up. Stand-up hitters see only the top half of the ball. I see the whole thing."

It's high time baseball saw the whole of the 22-year-old Henderson. Last year, his first full season in the majors, Henderson broke Ty Cobb's 65-year-old stolen-base record (96) with 100, was second in the league in walks with 117 and batted .303. This year he's leading the league in runs (73) and stolen bases (43) and ranks among the top 10 in average (.330), hits (109), triples (five), walks (47) and on-base percentage (.416).

Defensively, Henderson is the best at his position in the

league, if not the game. "I've only seen one outfielder who can run with him, and that's Paul Blair," says Baltimore Manager Earl Weaver. On the base paths, Henderson routinely goes from second to third on flies to left, and he figures to improve considerably as a base stealer (he has been caught stealing 20 times this year). The final ingredient for an all-round player is power. That Henderson has only five homers this season feels no one. Batting leadoff, he generally swings for base hits, not power. "But when he hits one out, it goes way out," says Oakland Centerfielder Dwayne Murphy. To A's Manager Billy Martin, Henderson's "the best player in the game."

To opposing pitchers, the 5' 10", 180-pound Henderson is as frightening, and as rare a creation, as his batting stance. "You have to be careful," says Cleveland Pitching Coach Dave Duncan, "because he can knock one out. But you don't want to be too careful because he's got a small strike zone and you can't afford to walk him. And that's only half the problem. When he gets on base he's more trouble still."

There is a sign in the Oakland Coliseum's leftfield stands that reads, HENDERSON'S HEIGHTS. It identifies a section of 50 seats that he has bought for underprivileged kids. An Oakland native, Henderson's cheering section is far bigger than that, however. When he trots out to leftfield, the fans there cheer him on masse, he responds by signing autographs, waving, blowing kisses and posing for pictures—during games. "Twice last year Rickey was looking into the stands when a ball was hit his way," says Murphy. "It's a hard habit to break." Henderson says he doesn't want to break it. "When the ball's not coming your way, you get bored," he insists. "The fans keep me in the game."

Henderson's interaction with his followers is misunderstood, according to Oakland Pitcher Mike Norris, who shares a house with him in the Oakland hills. "It's actually a very distant relationship," says Norris. "Rickey's outwardly extroverted but inwardly shy. The fans do get him up. He's got a lot of common sense, and that's one way to use it."

Another way was to listen to A's Batting Coach Lee Walls, who doubles as outfield coach. "Give me 10 minutes a day and I'll make you into the best leftfielder in baseball," Walls told Henderson in the spring of 1980, Henderson listened and became part of baseball's foremost outfield. Centerfielder Murphy (.276, 11 homers, 48 runs batted in), Rightfielder Tony Armas (.281, 21, 64) and Henderson—all natural centerfielders—have accounted for 27 of the A's 44 game-winning RBIs. Equally valuable on defense, they lead the league with 696 putouts. They have 15 assists to nine errors, a ratio that is especially meaningful because they charge all grounders and prevent most runners from even attempting to take the extra base. But their greatest contributions are more subtle than statistical: grabbing line drives hit in the al-

continued

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leys, holding shots down the line to singles, taking away other hits with routine catches because of good positioning.

Henderson's outfield play has been particularly notable this year. When he ran down a sinking liner by Cleveland's Jorge Orta last week and caught it with a lunge, an Oakland reporter turned to a neophyte Henderson-watcher and said, "That's about his 25th best catch of the year."

"We're always communicating out there," says Henderson. "We don't say, 'I got it.' We say, 'I got it, I got it, I got it' ... right up to the catch." Murphy and Henderson bumped into each other in Boston on Aug. 30 when Murphy caught a fly slicing Henderson's way. The date is worth remembering. It was the first time they had ever collided.

Outfielders who lack confidence play deep to avoid being embarrassed by shots over their heads. Not so the Oakland Three, who are forever stealing pop-ups from their infielders. "We respect hits over our heads," says Henderson. "but we don't like bloopers."

They do have considerable regard for drillmaster Walls, a fearsome-looking but mild-mannered giant (6'3", 208 pounds) who sports a shaved head and tinted glasses. "Our outfielders catch correctly, with two hands and their feet in position," says Walls, who one year played in the Pittsburgh outfield with Roberto Clemente and Bill Vardon. "Grounders are more important than flies. We hit our outfielders 50 to 100 ground balls a day. No other team does that. We're constantly repositioning as the game progresses. The later it is in the game, the more we play hitters to pull, because the pitcher's not throwing as hard. I don't think any team studies outfield defense as carefully as we do."

The fourth of seven children, Henderson was reared in a north Oakland home several blocks from the multi-sports complex at Bushrod Park. "I came over there, a short, stocky guy, and they said, 'Why don't you play sports?' So I played sports," he says. "I went out for the Little League, and since everybody else was batting right-handed, I did, too. Since I've hit .300 or better at every level, I guess I did the right thing."

At Oakland Technical High Henderson hit .716 as a junior and .465 as a senior. He also was a high school All-America running back sought by USC and Arizona State. "I told my mother, Bob-

bie Earl, to choose one of the two sports for me," he says. "She chose baseball because she thought I'd get hurt playing football. It would have taken me four years to play pro football, and I made the majors in 2½, so I'd say that turned out right, too."

Henderson wears non-prescription glasses; he says he reads better with them on. He also thinks melon tastes better with salt. Teammates call him Billy Dee Williams, for the slicked-back hairdo he sometimes affects, and also Hindu, for his style of dress, which includes all forms of flashy fashion. But Henderson's also a good organization man. He speaks ever so diplomatically in expressing his one complaint: that Martin won't let him run on his own. At the A's request, he played winter ball and was the Puerto Rico League's MVP. This year the A's want him to rest, so he'll study speech and accounting at San Francisco State. Off the field, Henderson looks forward to marrying his high school sweetheart, Pam Palmer; on it, he sees himself breaking Lou Brock's season record of 118 stolen bases.

That record would be a blessed event for Henderson, who relishes good press, but it might obscure his other strengths. "He looks as if he's been in the majors 10 or 12 years," says Oakland First Baseman Jim Spencer. "It's not just his ability, but his confidence and maturity. If he's not already the best player in the game, he's close."

THE WEEK

(Aug. 31-Sept. 6)
by HERM WEISKOPF

AL EAST

"He was going to become a major league pitcher that inning, or he wasn't. It was entirely up to him." So spoke Manager Sparky Anderson of the division-leading Tigers (8-1) about Dan Petty. The inning in question was the ninth in Chicago. Petty, leading 2-1, gave up a leadoff single and went to a 2-0 count on the next hitter, Anderson, old Captain Hook, would normally have yanked Petty right there, but the manager had vivid memories of removing Petty in the ninth the week before and seeing a 3-0 lead turn into a 4-3 loss. Thus, Petty stayed in, and he worked out of the jam. Four days later he defeated Texas 1-0. Detroit's 4-3 Sunday victory over

Texas completed the East's two-day, 15-0 wipeout of the West.

Milwaukee (5-2) Manager Bob Rodgers didn't try to restrain himself the way Anderson did. Not with peerless Rolfe (The Finishing Touch) Fingers in the bullpen. Fingers preserved Pete Vuckovich's 11th win. Mike Caldwell's ninth and Jim Slaton's sixth. Slaton had a no-hitter going into the ninth in Minnesota, but after being tagged for three hits and three runs, he gave way to Fingers, who saved the 5-3 win. All of which left Fingers with 22 saves this season and extended his big league record total to 266.

Steve Stone of the Orioles (4-3) needed more than relief help to earn his two victories. Tippy Martinez locked up Stone's two-hit, 1-0 verdict over Seattle and his 5-3 win over Oakland. It took two homers by John Lowenstein and a three-run drive by Terry Crowley to rally the Birds past the A's. They might not have won, however, had it not been for sparkling eighth-inning catches by Gary Roenicke in rightfield and Al Bumbry, who leaped above the centerfield fence to turn in apparent three-run homer by Tony Armas into an ice-cream-cone catch. When Manager Earl Weaver wasn't fretting about Jim Palmer and Mike Flanagan, both of whom had arm troubles, he had problems of his own to ponder. Weaver was arrested and charged with four traffic violations, including drunk driving. "I probably should never get behind the wheel," said Weaver, who has had similar difficulties in the past.

Just when the Yankees (5-2) seemed to have righted themselves, shipbreaker-owner George Steinbrenner rocked the boat by firing Manager Gene Michael and rehiring former skipper Bob Lemon. New York may have to play the rest of the way without Shortstop Rucky Dent, who had surgery on a torn ligament in his right hand. Dave Righetti won 7-0 in Minnesota and 2-1 in Kansas City, where Goose Gosage picked up his 18th save. Largely because of Gosage and Ron Davis, the Yanks are 42-2 in games in which they have led going into the seventh.

Before being sidelined with a pulled hamstring, Jerry Remy of the Red Sox (4-3) went 6 for 10 during a 20-inning loss to the Mariners and batted .571. Four hits by Remy, plus 5½ innings of shutout relief from John Tudor, helped the Sox beat Seattle 12-5.

A pair of doubleheader sweeps put the Indians (5-2) above .500. When Cleveland twice defeated California 4-2, it was Ben Blyleven who prevailed in the opener and newcomer Tom Brennan in the second, with help from reliever Dan Spillner, who got the last 11 innings.

Toronto (5-2) had a pair of double winners. Dave Stieb and Jim Clancy each beating both Texas and Chicago.

DET 18-9 MIL 17-11 BAL 15-11 NY 16-12
BOS 14-12 CLE 15-13 TOR 13-12

continued

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AL WEST Texas had three chances to move into first place, but the Rangers (2-5) couldn't pull the trigger. Worst of all, a shot fired by Ferguson Jenkins a week earlier ricocheted from Toronto to Arlington. What Jenkins had said after stopping the Blue Jays was, "Everybody beats Toronto." The nettled Jays made Jenkins eat crow by handing him a 3-0 loss and then beat the Rangers again, 9-3.

Billy Ball took a backseat to Oakland's new-found Long Ball. A homer and four RBIs by Dwayne Murphy decked the Indians and put the A's (3-4) in first place briefly. Steve McCatty breezed past Baltimore 10-0 with the support of four home runs, two by Tony Armas. Another blast by Armas, his league-leading 21st, plus an 11th-inning smash by Cliff Johnson, his 15th, downed the Birds 5-4. That was Oakland's 19th four-bagger in 11 games.

"For the the Royals to win, they have to run, run, run," said Dick Howser, who replaced Jim Frey as the manager in Kansas City (3-4). The Royals ran well while defeating the Brewers 3-1. Darryl Motley legging out an infield hit and U.L. Washington and Willie Wilson adding back-to-back bunt singles during the winning rally.

It was no puzzle why the White Sox (1-6) fell from first to fifth. Ron LeFlore missed a bunt sign and failed to put the possible go-ahead run in scoring position in a game Detroit won 2-1 in the ninth—with the aid of a sacrifice bunt. Three errors led to a 3-1 loss to Toronto. It took an RBI double in the ninth by Greg Luzinski to defeat the Blue Jays 4-3.

Mickey Hatcher slammed a two-run homer in the sixth, tripled in the tying run in the eighth and scored the winner on a squeeze bunt by Rob Wilfong as the Twins (1-6) beat the Yankees 4-3.

It had long been suspected that Dan Ford of the Angels (2-5) was a "corker," i.e., someone who hollows out his bat and fills it with cork. Last week the tip of Ford's bat flew off, and everyone saw that there was, indeed, cork in the barrel. Ford was ejected and may receive an added penalty from the league office.

Seattle (3-4) capitalized on clutch hitting and nifty relief pitching, both of which had been rare commodities the past two weeks. Lenny Randle's ninth-inning homer and Larry Andersen's two shutout innings beat Baltimore 4-3, ending a string of 10 defeats. Then the Mariners beat the Red Sox 8-7 in the longest game in the 69-year history of Fenway Park. Boston scored three times in the ninth to tie it at 7-7, and then both teams put up nothing except zeros for the next 10 innings before a curfew halted play at 1:16 a.m. When play resumed the next night, Dave Henderson singled with two out in the 20th and Joe Simpson tripled him home. Jim Beattie, who had hauled 10 innings without yielding an earned run two nights earlier as a starter, came in to

get Jim Rice for the last out with the bases loaded, thereby earning his first-ever save as the Mariners won 8-7. Richie Zisk boosted his league-leading average to .351 with a 440 week.

**KC 13-14 OAK 12-13 TEX 11-14 CAL 11-14
CHR 11-15 SEA 10-17 MIN 10-18**

NL EAST To err is human; to produce is divine. That was the case with Sixto Lezcano of the front-running Cardinals (3-3). A dropped fly in the eighth by Lezcano led to a 4-2 loss in San Francisco, but he redeemed himself the next two days, striking three hits during a 5-2 victory over the Giants and then homering in the ninth to topple the Dodgers 5-3. Reliever Bruce Sutter sewed up both games with his 18th and 19th saves. As a result, St. Louis, which had played terribly on the West Coast in recent seasons, wrapped up a 6-4 trip to California.

Andre Dawson slugged five homers for the Expos (2-5), one helping Ray Burris defeat the Astros 5-2. Steve Rogers, who had a 1.45 ERA in four Puts II starts, didn't pitch. That was because he suffered a cracked rib sliding into second base as a pinch runner.

Continued weak hitting cost the Cubs (1-6) three one-run losses. But Chicago ended a five-game skid by beating San Francisco 8-2 as Mike Kralow fanned 11 batters and Bill Buckner had the first Cub homer in 10 days.

Reliever Neil Allen saved both wins for New York (2-4) against Atlanta. After nailing down a 4-1 victory for rookie Greg Horris, Allen put the finishing touches on Pat Zachry's 4-2 decision. Steve Carlton of the Phillies (4-3) beat the Braves 3-0 on three hits. Gary Matthews generated all the offense, homering and driving in the three runs. Even though Carlton's scoreless-inning streak was halted at 28½ by Cincinnati, Philly won 5-4 when Pete Rose singled across two runs in the eighth. For the week Rose batted .433.

Pittsburgh (4-3) had three hot hitters. Mike Eisler batted .478, Omar Moreno .390 and Bill Madlock .392, raising his average to .349, tops in the league. The three Bucs combined for eight hits as Luis Tiant held off San Diego 7-3. That the last-place Pirates were already looking ahead to 1982 was clear. Grant Jackson was sent to the Expos for a player to be named later, or for cash, and Phil Garner went to the Astros for Second Baseman Johnny Ray, who hit .348 this season in Triple A, and two players to be named later.

**STL 15-9 MON 13-12 NY 13-13
CH 12-15 PHIL 10-16 PITT 10-18**

NL WEST There's nothing funny about watching the infield being squeezed up in midgame, but Dodger (4-3) fans got a belly laugh when they noticed that the two men pulling a steel net to

smooth out the infield were Jay Johnstone and Jerry Reuss. Both had donned groundkeeper's tops, and their prank drew a standing ovation from the crowd but \$200 fines from Manager Tom Lasorda. Johnstone drew more cheers that night when he slugged a pinch-hit home run to help beat Pittsburgh 6-2. Dusty Baker, who was out of the lineup with the flu, also came through with a pinch homer, an 11th-inning shot that polished off St. Louis 4-3. Fernando Valenzuela's seventh shutout, 5-0 against the Cardinals, tied the league record for rookies. Valenzuela also kept up his robust hitting by walloping a triple that drove across three runs.

Another dramatic blast was Jack Clark's homer in the 10th that gave the Giants (4-2) a win over Chicago. Doyle Alexander needed no such help, retiring the final 20 Cubs in order as he won 12-0 on a two-hitter.

Eddie Miller stole the show—as well as three bases in the last three innings—when the Braves (2-4) rolled for two runs in the ninth to stun the Phillies 3-2. After Glenn Hubbard tripled, Miller singled and stole second and third. Then, after George Vukovich caught a 200-foot foul along the rightfield line, Miller broke for home and beat the throw to score the game.

Houston (6-1), which started the week in a four-way tie for first, broke away from the pack and ran its winning streak to nine games before losing to Montreal. Alan Ashby batted .513, Bob Knepper blanked the Mets 7-0, and Nolan Ryan went seven innings in a 5-0 victory over the Expos. Ryan (1.29) and Knepper (1.80) remained 1-2 in the league ERA.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

JOHN DENNY: The Cleveland rightlander defeated both the A's and Angels 2-0, giving him three straight shutouts. He yielded only seven hits and fanned 15 while improving his record to 7-4 and trimming his ERA to 2.80.

race, in which the top five contenders are all from the West. The others: San Francisco's Vida Blue (2.14), Cincinnati's Tom Seaver (2.23) and L.A.'s Burt Hooton (2.29).

Seaver, with last-inning help from Joe Price following a rain delay, defeated Montreal 7-0. Ray Knight of the Reds (4-3) had hits in the ninth to beat the Expos 9-8 and the Phillies 5-4. George Foster had only six hits but drove in 10 runs.

"They don't quit," said Pirate Coach Bob Skinner after the Padres (4-3) overcame a 4-0 deficit and won 5-4. Tim Lincecum had a pinch single in the decisive rally that day, earlier he had another single, in the 10th, and scored after singles by Juan Bonilla and Terry Kennedy as San Diego beat the Cubs 5-4.

**HOU 18-9 SF 16-10 LA 16-11
ATL 14-12 CIN 13-13 SD 8-20**

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Ann Stark, a legal secretary in Tallahassee, Fla., likes to recall her first encounter with her husband, Rohn. It was back in fourth grade in Pine River, Minn. Rohn (pronounced like John, Bud Stark dropped the "h" into his son's name because he wanted it to be distinctive) had just moved with his family from California to nearby Fifty Lakes.

"We were playing dodge ball one day during recess," Ann says, "and he got the ball and aimed it right at me. He hit me so hard I fell over and started crying. A bad start."

But certainly not an omen. Rohn Stark has continued to excel at recess activities, and Ann has been involved in one way or another. Rohn was Mr. Pine River High, starring in football, basketball and track (and even taking time out from track practice to pinch-hit for the baseball team). And, says Ann, "he has dimples like John Davidson." Ann, played by Tuesday Weld, was a football and basketball cheerleader.

Now the Starks live in a two-bedroom apartment in Tallahassee, where Rohn is a senior at Florida State, an All-American decathlete and college football's premier punter. In the Seminoles' 17-0 win over Louisville last Saturday, Stark punted eight times for an average of 42.9 yards—including a shanked boot that went out of bounds after just 29 yards. All in all, Stark is probably the best college punter since Ray Guy played for Southern Mississippi in the early '70s.

If NFL scouts have any doubts about Stark's kicking, they can check Ann for details. Every day after work last summer Rohn picked her up on his way to the practice field. She did two to three miles of jogging, he did his stretches and then she timed or measured his decathlon workouts and clocked the hang time of his punts.

An NFL punter starts to boast when his kicks hang for 4.9 seconds. Stark averages 5.1-5.2 in games. He averaged 45.2 yards for 57 punts last year; the average return of a Stark punt was a measly 5.2 yards. Moreover, Stark kicks left-footed. To returners, that means the ball is spinning the "wrong" way and is a little hard-

er to handle; FSU opponents have fumbled about one of Stark's punts per game in his three-year career. And there is just one more thing that scouts drool over: Stark has never had a punt blocked.

Ann Stark knows all this, because she is one for details. She remembers their first date, for example. "It was November 18, 1974, when we were in 10th grade. We went to a movie, *The Trial of Billy Jack*, and went out for pizza at Shakey's." And she can tell you about his proposal, shortly after graduation. "That was on

five back in 1958. Stark got a call from a Seminole coach in February. "I had barely heard of Florida State," he says, "but I went down and liked what I saw." He enrolled for the spring semester and competed in the high jump for FSU. In July he and Ann were married, and in the fall they moved to Tallahassee.

Now, three years later, Ann is looking forward to her husband's career in the NFL. "I try not to count the chickens before they hatch, and I'm not going to pin my hopes on it, but I'll continue

Make way for the new Guy

FSU Punter Rohn Stark has set his sights on the NFL and '84 Olympics

July 5, 1977. He asked me out to eat, at Bromley's Ten Mile Lake Inn, and on the way he parked by the lake and asked if I wanted to marry him. I told him he knew I did, and he got the ring out."

Ann then enrolled in a two-year course in court reporting at St. Cloud Business College, about 80 miles down the road from Pine River. Rohn, meanwhile, was headed for the Air Force Academy Preparatory School in Colorado Springs. He had always been interested in flying—Bud Stark is a TWA pilot—and had received a conditional appointment to the academy. "It was kind of understood while we were dating that if he got an appointment, that's what he'd do," says Ann. "When it came I wasn't real thrilled, but I accepted it."

Eventually, Air Force doctors discovered that Stark has a slight curvature of the spine and could never fly in this man's Air Force; it would be too dangerous for him to use an ejection seat. So, he returned home in January of 1978.

What Stark didn't know was that his prep-school trigonometry professor and football coach, John Crowe, had sent game films of him to Florida State, where Crowe had been an All-American defen-



Ann Stark gets her kicks (both) her husband's

tell you what: I can't wait to turn in my resignation at work."

The only thing that might get in the way is the decathlon. Roha started to compete in that event in his sophomore year at FSU, and last spring finished eighth at the NCAA Track & Field Championships with 7,612 points. Early in Stark's decathlon career, Head Track Coach Dick Roberts asked Jim Long, the decathlon assistant, how his pupil was doing. Long was enthusiastic, saying he hadn't found anything yet that Stark couldn't handle, and added, "He made 12' 6" in the vault today."

"Oh," said Roberts, "when did he start vaulting?"

"Yesterday," answered Long.

Several weeks later, Stark was reaching 15 feet using a Fosbury Flop at the top of his vault. In his second decathlon he scored a school-record 7,083.

If Stark can get over 8,000 points—his best events are the pole vault (a high of 16' 9"), the high jump (6' 10½") and the 100 meters (10.72)—he'll consider trying out for the 1984 U.S. Olympic team. And if that happens, there are lawyers who see his case as a perfect test of the amateur regulations of the IOC. A professional in football, they would argue, isn't necessarily a professional in the decathlon, and Stark's case might be one of the best to take up because Stark really can compete in his two sports at the same time, and training in one does not abet the other.

It's likely Stark will go high in the NFL draft next spring. In an average year he would be a good bet to be taken in the first few rounds. But 1982 is supposed to be one of those "off" years, making Stark a near certainty to become the second "pure" punter (Guy is the other) ever to be picked in the opening round.

Ann would get a kick out of that.

THE WEEK by BRUCE NEWMAN

The Miami Hurricanes were trailing Florida 20-18 and facing a fourth-and-14 at the Gators' 34-yard line. So, with 45 seconds left in the game, Miami Coach Howard Schnellenberger called time to set up a pass play. Schnellenberger doesn't much care for the Gator: last year at Gainesville, after being

SI TOP 20

1. MICHIGAN (0-0)	1*
2. TEXAS (0-0)	2
3. USC (0-0)	3
4. OKLAHOMA (0-0)	4
5. NOTRE DAME (0-0)	5
6. PENN STATE (0-0)	6
7. NEBRASKA (0-0)	7
8. ALABAMA (1-0)	8
9. UCLA (0-0)	9
10. N. CAROLINA (0-0)	10
11. GEORGIA (1-0)	11
12. PITTSBURGH (1-0)	12
13. OHIO STATE (0-0)	14
14. WASHINGTON (0-0)	15
15. MISS. STATE (1-0)	16
16. STANFORD (0-0)	17
17. BYU (1-0)	18
18. MIAMI (1-0)	--
19. S. CAROLINA (1-0)	--
20. FLORIDA ST. (1-0)	--

* S.I. Pressman Ranking

peeled with fruit and ice throughout the game, he ordered a field goal with one second left in Miami's 31-7 victory. Last Saturday in the Orange Bowl, however, Schnellenberger was just looking for a way out of a jam, when he was approached on the sideline by Place-kicker Danny Miller. As a boy in Clewiston, Fla., Miller practiced kicking through two banana trees in a neighbor's yard, and he had already drilled a 42-yarder earlier in the day. So Schnellenberger was naturally receptive to any suggestion he might have. "I told the coach I could make it if he'd just let me try," Miller said later. Miller was sent in and proceeded to deliver a 55-yard banana split, propelling the Hurricanes to a 21-20 victory before a crowd of 73,817, Miami's largest at home since 1955. Come Mister Tallyman, tally Miami's bananas.

Tulane Kicker Vince Morabito beat Ole Miss a year ago on the last play of the game and had a chance to do the same thing again this year, but failed. With the Green Wave trailing by a point and eight seconds to play, Morabito's 47-yard attempt was blocked and Mississippi pulled out a 19-18 squeaker. Mississippi State's wingbone cracked slightly, but the Bulldogs were buffed out by Strong Safety Rob Fesmire en route to a 20-3 defeat of Memphis State. Fesmire had seven unassisted tackles, four assists, an interception and a 37-yard punt return that set up a score. Alabama crushed LSU 24-7 in a game that marked the renewal of Bear Bryant's quest to break Amos Alonzo Stagg's career coaching record of 314 wins. Bryant has 307 victories. Kentucky defeated North Texas State 28-6. North Texas State is the alma mater of Phil-

lip George Brown, who is the wife of Kentucky's governor, who once tried to fire Fran Currel, who is the coach at Kentucky, which last week beat North Texas State, which, oh, never mind.

Underdog Lamar held Baylor Tailback Walter Abercrombie, last year's Southwest Conference rushing leader, to 50 yards and All-SWC Quarterback Jay Jeffery to four completions for 16 yards in an 18-17 upset.

California got off to a promising start with its newfangled "run & shoot" offense—brought to Berkeley by former Portland State Coach Mouse Davis, now a Cal assistant—running up a 28-16 first-half lead against Texas A&M. Fabulous Floyd Eddings caught touchdown passes of 30, 11 and 62 yards. But midway through the first period Cal Quarterback Gale Gilbert tore up his knee (he'll be out for the season) and was replaced by J. Torchio, who led Cal to three scores in the third quarter, however, Cal gained only two yards rushing and Torchio threw eight incompletions. "You don't win football games that way," said Cornerback Greg Williams, whose Aggies kept nibbling away until two fourth-period field goals won it, 29-28. Fresno State upset Oregon 23-16, with Strong Safety Steve Cordle's three interceptions leading the way. Brigham Young Quarterback Jim McMahon had a routine day, completing 28 of 45 passes for 403 yards in a 31-8 win over Cal State-Los Angeles.

Pitt Coach Jackie Sherrill was so nervous about the Panthers' locker against Illinois that he threw up in the back room before the opening kickoff. So when Quarterback Dan Marino completed only two of 14 passes in the first half, it didn't exactly settle Sherrill's stomach. But Marino came back from half-

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Miami Placekicker Danny Miller converted a PAT and kicked field goals of 42 and 55 yards, the latter coming with just 40 seconds to play, to give the Hurricanes a 21-20 win over cross-state rival Florida.

DEFENSE: Fresno State Safety Steve Cordle, 5'10" and 180 pounds, helped upset Oregon by making two of his three interceptions and recovering a fumble in the final 3½ minutes as the Bulldogs surprised the Ducks 23-16.

time throwing strikes, completing 12 of 19 attempts for 177 yards and a touchdown, and Pitt cruised to a 26-6 win over the Illini. Rutgers Quarterback Ralph Leck keyed the Scarlet Knights' 29-27 victory over Syracuse, scoring the decisive touchdown on a one-yard sneak. Grumbling beat Florida A&M 21-10 in Yankee Stadium, giving Grambling Coach Eddie Robinson his 292nd victory—his second on the active list to Bryant. **END**



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Kathryn Crosby, wearing bits of Bing's clothing, such as his hat. kept track of her son's heroes

Arms pumping, jaw thrust out, with a little leap into his caddy's arms at the end, Nathaniel Crosby stepped out of the family photo album last week to win the U.S. Amateur Golf Championship, sinking a 20-foot birdie putt on the first hole of a sudden-death playoff to cap a storybook finish in which he got all the girls and the Havemeyer Trophy and filled the shoes of his old man, Bing, who may have traveled with a song in his heart but had golf clubs in the car trunk.

When the 19-year-old Nathaniel finished Sunday's 36-hole match-play final at The Olympic Club in San Francisco tied with Brian Lindley, he had already come back from a huge deficit. With 10 holes remaining Nathaniel was 4-down, and with only three left he was two behind. But just when it seemed that the curtain was about to ring down on him, he would roll in another clutch putt, give a whoop and march on.

It had been like that all week, as young Crosby sauntered around and dispatched opponents with a scrappy, buccaneer's style, escaping from trees, rough and assorted flora. Often it was easy to imagine his father somewhere in the gallery, pipe in mouth, the bells of St. Mary's chiming faintly, and saying to Ingrid Bergman, "Kid's not bad."

The sentimentalists, who never get

provided by a large group of friends from the Crosby clan's neighborhood in near-by Hillsborough.

After Crosby had made the winning putt and fallen back to earth from the clutches of his caddy, he hugged his mother and tried to keep from weeping.

"Congratulations, Mr. Crosby," said Kathryn. "Hey, what is this? No crying." "I'm not crying," Nathaniel said. "I'm fighting it."

Later Kathryn Crosby said, "I'm glad the Mother Mary was on our side, but after all, Bing did play all of those priest roles."

It might appear that her son popped out of nowhere to win the Amateur, but the progress of the University of Miami junior has been steady, although his only previous titles were a Santa Clara County championship and a victory in one college tournament, the 1979 Las Vegas Rebel Invitational. That year he was co-medalist in the U.S. Junior Amateur. Crosby is best at match play, in which his scrambling and tenacity can upset an opponent. Coming into the Amateur, he noted that he had won 15 of the last 20 matches he'd played. On Sunday, over the final 11 holes on a championship course, he was one under par and acted like a prizefighter.

Crosby is only 5' 10" and 160 pounds,

Crosby never gave up hope

The U.S. Amateur wasn't as funny as one of Bing's (and Bob's) Road shows, but it had a bolfo ending as his son Nathaniel fought back from 4-down to win

tired of this sort of thing, were made inescapably aware of Nathaniel's connection with his father, beginning with the fact that he was wearing, on a chain around his neck, the medal Bing won for making the field in the 1941 U.S. Amateur. Outside the gallery ropes, Bing's widow, Kathryn, followed the action outfitted in her husband's old hat, jacket and knickers, silently working over a whole raft of rosaries. Additional support was

but he is an emotional player, yelling at his ball—"Go!" "Sit!" "Stop!"—as if it were a pet dog. Occasionally, when he is about to hit a putt he truly needs, he will give his putter a sharp rap, as if to get its attention. Whatever, it worked. In his semifinal match on Saturday, Crosby came from 3-down after eight holes to beat Willie Wood 2-up, and at times some spectators almost expected him to look skyward and mutter, "Thanks."

continued

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It was obvious that his father was never far from his thoughts. "I definitely felt his presence, and thinking of him calmed me," Nathaniel admitted. "I wasn't absently-mindedly touching that medal. He was in my mind all day."

Crosby's theatrics saved a tournament that needed help after the big names—Hal Sutton, the defending champion, Jodie Mudd, the 1980 and '81 U.S. Amateur Public Links titlist, and most of their Walker Cup teammates—made fist exits.

If anyone was born to smash a one-iron, it is Nathaniel Crosby, whose godfather is former Masters champion Jackie Burke. At age three, he was taking up divots in the Crosby backyard. Later he would join in friendly rounds with his father, who always needed him: "You never hit enough club." Recalls Nathaniel, "They were some of the happiest times of my life, on the golf course with my dad. I never felt closer to him."

Bing was a self-confessed golf fanatic who once figured that he had memberships at 70 different clubs, and while he didn't invent celebrity golf, he turned it into an art form with the Bing Crosby Pro-Am, now celebrated early each year on the Monterey Peninsula. Just hanging around, Nathaniel got an invaluable golfing education. On Oct. 14, 1977, when his father suffered a heart attack and died after playing 18 holes (he shot an 85) in Spain, the youngster assumed the sponsorship of the Crosby.

Bing's was a pretty big legend to follow, but Nathaniel has always been a serious sort, not a dilettante. He has said that he plays life one day at a time. He attended public schools, and he doesn't throw his heritage around. Last week he was "yes sir-ing" and "thank you-ing" everyone. In between matches he sipped milk, and on Saturday, on the 18th hole of his semifinal against Wood, when fans yelled, "Down in front," Nathaniel dutifully knelt.

He is, in fact, a likable, self-deprecating young man. Commenting on his relationship with his mentor, former PGA Tour player Tony Penna, he said, "I'm just a punk trying to learn from a wizard." And asked if he was upset when he fell behind in several matches, he answered, "I get sort of ornery out there. I'm a little upset all the time." He also agreed that being a Crosby helped last week: "Everybody in my family is tal-

ented. My father, my mother, my brother, my sister Mary. She shot J.R. Gosh, I had to win the Amateur."

He was asked what his father would have said if he had been there to see it. Answered Nathaniel, "He'd say, 'Kid, don't let it go to your head.' He taught me how to be humble. I can't see anyone handling success better than he handled it." And so occasionally, like a good trouper, Nathaniel would even applaud his opponent after an exceptional shot.

A lot of people were surprised that Crosby could play so well, but as a golfer who has borrowed parts of his game from touring pros (Ben Crenshaw's putting stance, for instance), he isn't a vaudeville act. That's a good thing because, although he has a crooner's Adam's apple, as his father had, he has, he says, "no talent as an entertainer."

He is serious, however, about making a career as a professional golfer. "Can you think of a better profession?" asks his mother. "He planned all of this when he was nine. There are plans and there are dreams. He planned it." Says Maurice Ver Brugge, the pro at Nathaniel's home course, the Burlingame Country Club, which is only a couple of three-irons from Olympic, "He works as hard as anybody I've ever seen, pro or amateur. I've seen him bordering on pneumonia, but putting in the rain for hours. He eats, sleeps and drinks the game."

Crosby wasn't too keen about his chances early in the week. He opened with a 72 in the qualifying, then shot an 80. His mother had an explanation: "Some girl in sprayed-on jeans followed him around all day, which just proves that even Nathaniel can be distracted."

In his semifinal match against Wood, a junior at Oklahoma State and a former U.S. Junior Amateur champion, Crosby came out of sand traps for pars on the last three holes. Lindley, to some as much of a surprise as Crosby, went against Bob Lewis Jr., a Warren, Ohio executive who was thrashed by Sutton in the finals last year. Lindley, a 24-year-old from Fountain Valley, Calif., who quit his job as an aerospace engineer last April to concentrate on golf, knocked off Lewis 3 and 2.

On Sunday morning both players were erratic as Lindley worked out a one-up lead at lunchtime. In the early afternoon, as his fans sighed, Crosby was all nerves and bad shots, playing the first four holes



With no amateur, Lindley literally ran out of luck

in four over par and falling 4-down as Lindley kept rifling low tee shots down the middle. Crosby's only hope was for Lindley to start making mistakes, and that is what happened.

He bogeyed the 9th, 12th and 13th holes, and suddenly Crosby was only one-down. Lindley rolled it in from 15 feet for a birdie at the 14th hole to go back to 2-up, then birdied the par-3 15th from 10 feet. Now Crosby was eight feet away and needing a birdie himself. If he missed, he would be doomed and the match would be all but over. He fingered his medal. His mother picked up the pace on the beads. The ball went in.

Lindley faded the rest of the way, making a big mistake by leaving his approach short and in a bunker and bogeying the 16th hole, as Crosby sank a 10-foot putt for his par 5. Then at the 17th, Lindley put his second into a sand trap, caught a bad lie and eventually made a double-bogey 6, after Crosby had salvaged a bogey following a wild tee shot. The match was even.

Both players parred the 18th, Lindley missing a 22-footer while Crosby was short from 14 feet. He tapped in and all but raced to the 1st tee to begin the play-off. A few minutes later, he was the U.S. Amateur champion, and as he hugged his caddy, he was screaming, "Wake me up, it's a dream!"

END





LBO

Schembechler's the name. Football's his game. Brash. Curmudgeon. Know-it-all. Ranter. Raver. Hates sportswriters. Don't talk to him when he loses. Or when he wins. This year his Michigan team will win a whole bunch. May even be national champs. You'd love him. They do in Ann Arbor.

by **DOUGLAS S. LOONEY**

CONTINUED



When Bo forks over a piece of his meat, Millie knows just how to handle him.

On a recent soft, warm evening at Glenn (Bo) Schembechler's home in Ann Arbor, dinner is being prepared. Bo is cooking chicken on the charcoal grill out back, alternating his attention between his task and hollering at his wife, Millie, who's fixing the rest of the meal in the kitchen. "The chicken is done, god-dam it," Bo bellows. "Hurry up. I'll be bitterly disappointed if I overcook this chicken just because you can't get organized in there. Damn, the chicken is just right now, Mil, hurry up."

Millie, to her enormous credit, ignores

the wordstorm blowing through the screen door. She is one of the few people in the U.S. who would dare. "I'm not afraid of him," she says, against a high-decibel backdrop of continuing advice and abuse from Bo, chicken cooker and card-carrying expert on all matters. "Well, I'm not afraid of him anymore." In truth, most everyone else isn't afraid of him any less. Coming upon Bo at his worst equates with meeting a hurricane in full force—at his best he's about like a tornado just getting organized. You don't explain Bo; you take shelter. How-

ever, there is much speculation that the 52-year-old University of Michigan football coach, who has put together a team poised to make a serious run at the national championship—if it can get past powerful Notre Dame on Sept. 19—has mellowed. "I have not mellowed, god-dam it," he says.

But he has, in subtle ways. One old buddy, Gerald R. Ford, center on Michigan's 1932 and 1933 national championship teams, who lived for a spell in downtown Washington, says, "Bo has relaxed a little. Frankly, I think he's a more effective coach when he's less tense." But the mere mention of his mellowing sets Schembechler off, and he goes out of his way to prove it isn't so.

For example, when Linebacker Mike Boren walked into Bo's office recently, Mike opened his mouth but Bo spoke first, of course.

"Look at your hair."

"I was born with it like this."

"Now, you got it all pushed up. You weren't born with it like that. It wasn't even like that when I met you. Get a haircut."

"Bo, it's only a half-inch long."

"Get a haircut. How much do you weigh?"

"Oh, 218, but I've been sick."

"You were 218 and sick last time you were in here."

"I'm a sick person."

"Get unsick."

Nothing is moderate about Bo. He has a firm view on everything. "If I make a mistake," he says, "I'm going to make it aggressively. I don't believe in sleeping on a decision." It is as impossible for Schembechler to hold his tongue as it is for the ocean to skip just one high tide.

He has two favorite expressions. The first is, "That would have killed an ordinary man." He uses that to refer to almost every bad thing that happens to him. Not long ago he was knocked down on the football field. Everyone held his breath until Bo hopped up and said, "That would have killed an ordinary man." The other is, "Got it?" Every time

Bo talks to you, you have to acknowledge you got it, got it?

"I'm gonna tell you something, got it?" asks Bo.

Yup.

"Pay attention, got it?"

Yup. Got it, got it, got it, got it, got it.

As the evening turns dark and even more gorgeous and serene around the Colonial-style house, its master only gets more rambunctious. Millie serves dessert, and after one bite, Bo says, "I've had pecan pie all over the world, and I want to tell you, Mill, this doesn't measure up." Millie immediately rises to her own defense, citing the balky oven with the erratic temperature control, distractions . . .

"It's terrible," interrupts Bo. "That's all Look, nobody can eat it."

"But, Bo," says Millie, "I got the recipe from the cookbook Barbara Dooley [wife of Georgia football coach Vince] sent me. It's Extra Rich Georgia Pecan Pie with molasses. I did. . ."

Bo interrupts, of course. "See, the problem is the ingredients aren't any good. Then you messed up cooking it. That's that. Got it?"

The subject is closed. And Bo is right, it did happen to be less than great pecan pie. But heck, it was Barbara Dooley's fault, and she was 600 miles away. The point is, this is classic Bo Schembechler. He talks straight ahead; no matter what the circumstances, he says exactly what's on his mind; he makes judgments on everything; he is secure in every way; he dominates everywhere and everybody. All of which makes him, remarkable as it sounds, a good guy up close. A really good guy.

"It must be great to feel as confident as he does," says Millie. "But he truly is a good person. All I have to do is what Bo's mother told me. She said, 'Handling him is easy. Just remember that when he loses a game, don't talk to him.' And he

does hurt so bad when he loses one of those dumb football games."

O.K., from a distance, Bo comes on like a yahoo. And that's Bo's public image. He has had horrible problems with the press, which has this nasty habit of wanting to talk to him when he loses, his mother's advice notwithstanding. But even if the media's timing were better, it probably wouldn't make much difference, because Bo hates the press. Not just a little. A lot. The Voice of Michigan Football, Boh Ufer, says he has tried to get Schembechler to be nicer to the media. "But he told me," says *continued*



Unlike "Being There," some things keep Bo awake.



SCHEMBECHLER

continued

Ufer, "Bob, if I win I don't need the press, and if I lose they can't help me." Ufer defends Schembechler, whose record at Michigan over 12 years is 114-21-3. Bo's teams have won the Big Ten championship twice and tied for it seven times. Says Ufer, "Bo has two categories of things in his life: what matters and what doesn't matter. What matters is football. What doesn't matter is everything else. Bo is the kind of guy who is so dedicated that he doesn't realize how he's coming off."

Woody Hayes, former Ohio State coach and noted expert on press relations, says of Bo, "He's a hothead, like me. If you get along with most of the press, I think you have to be a little bit crooked." Bobby Knight, coach of the NCAA-champion Indiana basketball team, who has had some problems with the press himself, snorts, "Bad press relations aren't always the coach's fault, you know. You've heard those dumb questions at press conferences. Hell, you've asked some of them." Not surprisingly, these three supercoaches—Woody, Bo and Bobby—account for 84.5% of all problems members of their profession have had with the press.

The whys and wherefores are difficult and always different. "It's because most writers aren't worth a damn," says Bo helpfully. So while some coaches like to

Between raising and pepping off, Schembechler has learned to joke with his troops, who this year say he's the best he has ever coached.

Hayes or Schembechler, only the other, non-imperial, coaches. Bo never did say he was sorry for his outbursts. "Sorry for what?" he said years later. "Telling the truth?"

Until a couple of years ago, he would routinely storm out of press conferences, kick reporters out of the sessions ("Don't be offended," says one of Bo's friends. "He'd kick Millie out, too"), make himself unavailable and order his players not to talk. Talking very softly once at a press conference, he was asked to speak up. "I'm speaking as loudly as I can," said Bo softly—and arrogantly. And in a memorable set-to on Oct. 1, 1979, Schembechler gave an absolutely unnecessary push to a publicity-seeking college newspaper reporter.

Yet, too much is read into all this. As Don Canham, athletic director at Michigan, says, "Bo is oblivious to life." That, though, is his appeal. The world clearly would be a better place if more people cared as much about their pursuits as Bo does about his. Canham, who had the genius to hire Bo, stretched his feet across the desk the other day and reflected on his coach.

"Bo is a delightful guy with a heck of a sense of humor," said Canham. "He also has a heck of a temper. I guess a lot of people do think of him throwing his hat and kicking dirt and screaming at the officials. But I've found that when he gets mad, it's time to get mad. And while he has a short fuse, he also has a short memory. The only danger with his temper is that he will do something dumb. I don't think he will." Something dumb would be to give a purely hypothetical illustration, for him to slug an opposing middle guard in the face during a bowl game. But nobody would do that.

Former Michigan President Robben Fleming once took Bo out to lunch and asked him, "Do you really have to get on the officials the way you do?" Schembechler had no real response. He says now, "I didn't try to justify it. I think he was right. But the only way I know to get their attention is to yell. How else do you do it? I'm open to ideas."

Canham, a huckster in all the best senses of the word (he has filled Michigan Stadium with an average of 104,186 fans the last 33 games in a row), says his relationship with Bo was established from the start. Just after he had hired Bo, Can-

continued

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SCHEMBECHLER

continued



Schembechler was riding high following the Wolverines' 14-6 victory over the Buckeyes in 1977...

ham told him, "Schembechler, if we have any trouble, it's going to be your fault—and I'm going to win." Indeed, not long ago Bo appeared in Canham's office, pounding and popping off about some injustice. Canham listened to the ranting and then said, "Schembechler, this is all your fault," and got up and walked out. When Canham returned to his office, Bo was gone and nothing else ever was said about the subject.

But Canham also has one other technique he uses with Bo: "I give him everything he wants." Bo's salary is \$60,000, and he earns another \$50,000 or so from television and other appearances. But back in 1969 when he started coaching in

Ann Arbor, Bo told Millie to buy as fancy a house as she wanted. Heck, go clear on up to \$40,000 if need be, he said—a fortune to the Schembechlers then. Millie promptly bought a four-bedroom house for \$58,000. Bo grouched, "If I don't win, we're in deep and dire trouble." Unlike some coaches who want more than their prowess in the won-lost column warrants, Bo doesn't want much.

Except perfection. Perfection. Put Schembechler in the center of Camelot and he would spot a loose downspout. In 1975, the morning after an unthinkable tie with Baylor, he called in equipment manager Jon Falk. Bo was furious. "Why did Mike Kenn have a jersey with

a bad number?" he steamed. A bad number in this case was one that was crinkled instead of smooth.

"I didn't think you would notice," said Falk.

"I notice everything," said Bo. "Now, if you want to manage the goddam equipment, get busy and manage the goddam equipment."

Defensive Coordinator Bill McCartney says of Bo, "Nobody calls to excellence more than he does. He forces every guy to measure up every time. He will never turn his head. I've got the feeling he's just reaching his peak." McCartney can even find a Biblical verse in defense of Bo's clamorous tongue. In a well-thumbed Bible, McCartney turns quickly to Proverbs 28:23 and reads, "He who rebukes a man will in the end gain more favor than he who has a flattering tongue."

If that be true, Bo has gained enormous favor. That's because there's no satisfying the man. Walking past the practice field last summer, Schembechler spotted Defensive Lineman Dave Meredith working out.

"Why don't I ever see you here?" Schembechler asked.

"I'm here four hours a day. What do you want?"

"Oh, six hours, maybe eight."

And Schembechler strolled on. Actually, he would prefer not eight hours, but maybe 10 or 12 or 14. Or, ideally, 24. Just after Schembechler arrived in Ann Arbor, Joe Falls, a Detroit sports columnist, wrote that the coach's idea of a perfect day would be "eight hours of meetings, eight hours of movies and eight hours of practice." Everything Bo does is precise, correct—which is why the prospect of overcooked chicken will worry him so much more than it does the rest of us. These days, for example, when he leaves the office, he goes home; when he leaves home, he goes to the office. At other times of the year, he leaves home, goes recreating and then comes home. Bo doesn't stop at bars for drinks with the boys.

Obviously, when you're a winner like Bo, there are plenty of people who want to be your friend. But Bo doesn't really want friends. Or, more precisely, a few friends might be O.K., but he doesn't have time for them. Or, more precisely, doesn't want to have time for them. Over

continued

... but the year before, Bo was low, per se, when he lost the Rose Bowl to Robinson's Trojans.



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4. Each entry must be original work of contestant. Judges may disqualify recipes known to have been previously published or to have been winners in contests, unless they feature changes which, in their judgement, are significant. Winners may be required to execute affidavit of eligibility and release.

5. Entries become property of Erven Lucas Bols Distilling Company and constitute permission to edit, adapt, modify, publish and otherwise use in any way, only income received, without further compensation or payment to the contestant.

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SCHEMBECHLER

continued

the July 4 weekend, he and Millie did get away for a few days to visit some friends on Indiana's Lake Wawasee, but he wasn't all that keen on going. Right before leaving, he went back and picked up something to take with him "just in case." It was the film of last year's Wisconsin-Michigan State game. "You never know," he said. "It might rain." As it turned out, it didn't rain, but he did study the film. Got it?

Bo's best friend is Joe Hayden, chairman of the board of The Midland Company in Cincinnati. Their friendship also involves business deals. Says Hayden, "Bo doesn't go out of his way to seek close friends. But the image he projects is so different from how he really is. He's well-rounded, and I don't mean his physique. I don't know why he keeps coaching, other than the thrill of the hunt, but I do know that one time I told him, 'As long as you get up in the morning and are in a hurry to get to work, you've got the right job.' Bo smiled and said, 'I've still got the right job.'"

Just before his quadruple bypass surgery in 1976, Bo called Hayden from the hospital. "Joe, is everything O.K. for Millie and the kids [there are four sons, ranging in age from 11 to 26] in case of, uh, stark disaster?"

"What do you mean, stark disaster?"

"You dumb son of a bitch. If something in there stops going ticky tick, it's stark disaster for Glenn Schembechler."

"It's all O.K."

"Good. Goodbye."

Schembechler will on rare occasions make an attack on relaxing and watch a video cassette of a movie on his television at home, sometimes with Falk. One night this summer was typical of the way things generally go. Falk picked up a selection of films for Bo's approval. Over dinner at Bimbo's Casa Di



Bo was fit to be tied vs. Ohio State in '73, and that's what happened.

Roma—where for a guy who makes important snap decisions on everything, Bo sure had a helluva time trying to decide whether to have meatballs or Italian sausage on his spaghetti—he also was deciding which film they would watch that evening. *Caddyshack* was a candidate because it lasted less than two hours. *Urban Cowboy* was out because it had that Travolta character in it. *Heaven Can Wait* involved football, so that was

wanted to be hospitable, and he knew that's what he should do. But he couldn't resist asking a visitor at one point, "How long are you going to stay around here?" The visitor said, "About three months, and then I'll go home and get clean clothes and be back." Schembechler doubled over in laughter. He's trying to be more human, honest, but damn, it's hard. Millie does give him pretty good marks in this endeavor. She says, "He has had

so much success that now he knows what he has to get done and that he can do it by being nice to people."

So much success. AhhMhh, yes. "Schembechler," says Bobby Knight, "is the best coach coaching anything in college sports." Southern California Coach John Robinson, a Bo buddy, says, "I'd love to have a son play for him. He'd come out of there a much better person." Jerry Ford says, "He's a helluva man, isn't he? The two things I think of with Bo are strength and success. And then, underneath the surface is a very, very compassionate man." Woody Hayes professes great admiration, although he does add softly, "Bo is the second best in the country. I have to say the



Schembechler built a 5-4-1 edge over mentor and former rival Hayes.

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SCHEMBECHLER

continued

first is that old man down at Alabama."

Bo wins, wins, wins, 88.8% of the time in the Big Ten. Eleven of his 12 Michigan teams have ended the season ranked in the nation's Top 10. During the 1970s, the Wolverines were 96-10-3 in the regular season, best of any team in the country. For the same decade, the Wolverines were also first in rushing defense, first in total defense, first in scoring defense. Indeed, bringing the story up to date, nobody has scored a touchdown against the Michigan defense in 22 quarters. Schembechler's record of 154-38-6 in 18 years as a head coach, including

"Every winning coach has been called too conservative."

Probably contributing most to this year's sunny outlook is the fact that Michigan at last won a Rose Bowl, whipping Washington last January, 23-6, after seven straight bowl losses. Former Notre Dame Coach Ara Parseghian thinks the notion that Bo couldn't win the big one was a bum rap. "Most guys don't ever get in position to play in the big one," says Parseghian. "Just getting there is a big accomplishment." Still, not winning The Big One cast a pall over Bo—you can ignore the fact he says it didn't, got

touchdown, you're good enough to win," he says. Perhaps the importance of the 1981 Rose win is best illustrated by the positioning of a team picture celebrating the win. It's right by the door of Bo's office. You can't leave without seeing it, unless you choose to go out the window. And Bo can have that effect on people.

Now Bo has won everything in coaching—conference titles, a bowl game, Coach of the Year (1969)—except a national championship. You can ignore the fact that Bo says it's not important, got it? Parseghian, who goes way back with Bo and had him on his staff at Northwestern, says, "Sure it bothers him, just as it bothers Paterno. They have both been so close, but it has escaped them."

That's why the Sept. 19 game against Notre Dame in Ann Arbor looms so big. "It's the biggest non-conference game on our schedule," says Bo, which, taken at face value, means that later games with Northwestern and Illinois are bigger. And bones don't live in the woods. What the Notre Dame game really is, is the biggest game of Bo's career. Indeed, Schembechler is at the helm of an extremely talented team, and this would seem to be the year. But Notre Dame is a tough nut, with outstanding players recruited by former coach Devine and guided by the new, fiery Gerry Faust. At his ease during the summer, Bo laughed about a conversation he'd had with the irrepressibly religious Faust. "He even God-blessed me," said Bo.

But Bo's jesting was probably a defense mechanism. He is steadfast in his contention that "I don't just after national championships. I just after Big Ten championships." And to underscore that point, he insists that ridding himself of the Rose Bowl-loser image last year was a tremendous relief, but after the victory he still felt there "was nothing like beating Ohio State."

Ohio State and Michigan are always linked because for years they've been the only schools in the conference that have played superior football. Further, the Woody-Bo Show made that annual confrontation bigger than life. Perhaps too big, because—as in the Super Bowl and a few other spectacles—the players were so on edge that their performances weren't always splendid. Only now, with Woody three years out of coaching, is Bo emerging as his own man after a

continued



Nothing pleases Schembechler more than seeing All-American Anthony Carter with the ball in hand.

five at Miami of Ohio, gives him the fourth-best winning percentage among all active coaches, behind Barry Switzer, Robinson and Joe Paterno.

One oft-repeated knock on Bo is that he doesn't pass. In truth, he has, and for sure he will this year with Anthony Carter, a certified game-breaker at wide receiver, on the loose. But Quarterback Coach Gary Moeller explains the Bo philosophy thusly: "You run the ball first, and if you are successful, you keep running it." Michigan has been successful running, and as Robinson notes, "Passing teams generally don't win." Further, Don Devine says, accurately,

it—all these years. Defensive coordinator McCartney says, "Bo's solution to everything is to work harder. We worked harder, but we kept losing the bowl games, and the people of Michigan became so exasperated with us."

There were always reasons and excuses, but Michigan kept getting beat. "How I feel about losing depends on how I lose," says Schembechler. "If we were just not good enough, fine." But Bo can think of only one time his team wasn't good enough—in the 1976 Orange Bowl, when the Wolverines lost to Oklahoma 14-6. And he thinks he should have won that game. "Anytime you get within a

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near lifetime of being linked with Hayes.

It all traces back to Miami of Ohio, where Bo played for Woody. At a reunion of Miami players last summer, Hayes recalled a 28-0 victory he coached over Cincinnati in 1950. "We scored four touchdowns," he said, "and would have had five if a certain overzealous tackle hadn't been offside." That tackle was Schembechler. But once you have played for a coach, he's always the coach and you're always the player. At this same reunion, Hayes was organizing things—surprise—and suddenly looked over at Bo standing across the way. "Bo," he said, "you sit right here." Bo sat. And one suspects that if Woody had said, "Bo, run through that wall," Schembechler would have done that, too, without question.

Bo was an assistant under Hayes at Ohio State in 1951 and then again from 1958 to 1962. They were, although both vigorously deny it, two damn peas in a damn pod. In football meeting rooms, they even threw chairs at each other.

"No, no," says Hayes when asked about the flying furniture. "We just argued to bent hell."

But you didn't throw chairs at each other?

"No, no. We just got damn mad."

But you didn't throw chairs at each other?

"Oh, well, sometimes we threw chairs . . . but not at each other."

Just sort of a case in which the two of you were in the same room when chairs were thrown?

"Yeah, that's right."

So what's the big deal? Of course they threw chairs at each other. Why wouldn't they? Don't bulls look horns in the field? Since his days as an assistant Bo's been called "Little Woody." And there were distressing signs that the nickname fit. In fact, Dick Lusk, the former Ohio State athletic director, once advised Canham, "Don't hire Schembechler. You'll end up with him just like we have with Woody. You'll never be comfortable with him." But Woody would tear up yard markers. Bo didn't. Woody hit a TV cam-

eraman; Bo didn't. Woody hit an opposing player; Bo didn't. A Bo watcher says, "I think he was learning something all along. He thought, and thinks, that Woody was a great coach, but he was telling himself not to copy some of the old man's mannerisms."

To this day, Schembechler speaks of Hayes with reverence. "I'm a Woody

contradictions. "We respected one another so damn much," says Hayes. "Now that doesn't mean I didn't get so mad at him that I wanted to kick him in the, uh, groin." And for his part, Schembechler says, "You beat Woody and you beat the best. It's always been to beat the coach you have the most respect for."

The fact is, Schembechler is emerging now as King of the Mountain only because Woody is gone. Never mind that in the 10 games in which the two faced each other, Bo's teams won five, Hayes' four, and they tied once. Bo was Little Woody, got it? But that was yesterday.

Today Bo—he will deny this, too—is enjoying life a little more. He's stopping to smell the roses. His heart attack and the subsequent bypass may have put things in perspective. He yammers incessantly to his players about the value of education, but he has learned to kid them a little.

The phone rings and it's Defensive Tackle Winfred Carraway. "Wouldn't you like to work around here for \$4 an hour?" Bo asks. "Why not? What? Well, until you get a degree, \$4 an hour is all you're worth. How are your grades? Come on, if you got all A's and B's, you coach and I'll play defensive tackle."

His other favorite theme is honesty. He talks constantly about his honesty and that of Michigan, especially in regard to recruiting. Indeed, there has never been a hint of scandal or irregularity since Bo came to Michigan. "There won't be, either," he says.

What Bo really likes is to be out on the field with the players and to talk on the phone with other coaches. The nuts and bolts of the profession are his loves. One of his assistant coaches, Jerry Hanton, says, "Bo is learning to live with imperfections. So he enjoys being around his staff, he really does. A lot of us think he calls meetings just for that purpose, to be with us." Says quarterback coach Moeller, "Bo understands that the bad part about coaching is if you don't win, you won't be coaching." And that would



Schembechler, Miami of Ohio class of '51, was a tackle in college.

Hayes man," he says. "I believe in him, I respect him, and I always will." Indeed, after Hayes' slugging of the Clemson player in the Gator Bowl, Bo arranged a meeting with his mentor/rival at a midway point between Columbus and Ann Arbor. He hoped to get Hayes to apologize publicly. Sadly, Bo at his most persuasive couldn't get Woody at his most stubborn to say those two little words that would have made all the difference: "I'm sorry." Subsequently, Woody admitted to the conversation, but snorted, "Bo isn't always right."

Hayes and Schembechler were, then, the greatest of friends and the bitterest of rivals. They loved each other and they hated each other. They were a study in

continued



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SCHEMBECHLER

continued

be awful, for Bo simply loves coaching, got it?

Sitting in his family room one evening (on the wall is a cartoon of a wife who has just bashed her husband over the head with a frying pan, and she's telling the police, "When he said he had the whole football season on videotape, something inside me snapped"), Bo was feeling reflective. "I love to win," he said. "Love it. Football is just too hard and too tough if you're not successful. This isn't recreation, and the sport isn't for everybody. Soccer is a great game, too; it's just that by junior high, it's time to play football. Anyway, I just don't want to expend all this time and effort and come up short, got it? I love college because you have to make do with what you've got. I may want a better player, but I can't trade for one or pick up a free agent, so I'll coach the hell out of the guy because he has to play—and because he's mine. Sure, I know I've got a lousy temper, but sometimes it can make you compete better. But I'm smart enough to know you have to learn to control it. It's just when things aren't right, I react aggressively. And I'm a disciplinarian. At meetings, the players sit up straight, have both feet on the floor and don't wear any hats. They get in early at night, too. Why shouldn't they? You tell me—does anything good ever happen after 11 p.m.? I guess my philosophy is I want to do what I'm doing better than anyone else in the country. But the problem is I'm just an average guy, got it? But aren't we all? What I've learned is there are not nearly as many bad guys or super guys out there as you think. Just a bunch of average guys." He falls silent, thinking. A penny for your thoughts, Bo.

Because he loves the boys and the good old boys (former Quarterback John Wangler says, "Once you're a part of Michigan football, he makes sure you always are. The older you get, the more you appreciate Bo"), he loves the good old stories. He tells of Carter showing up as a freshman and one of the coaches marveling, "My God, look at him run and catch." Later that same day, Carter ran and caught a plane back home to Riviera Beach, Fla. Bo caught up with him



Reliving a little has made Schembechler a better coach, says Ford.

by phone. "I didn't think he was gone for good," Bo says. "He just needed to go home for a little reinforcement from his family and friends. And the reinforcement he got was, 'Get your ass back up there right now.'" Carter did.

From this shaky beginning, Bo and Carter have developed a close relationship. That's mostly because Schembechler is in awe of Carter's talents. "I just don't know what else I can say about him, got it?" says Bo.

That's understandable. Just about one of every three passes Carter catches goes for a touchdown (21 TDs in 68 receptions in only two years). He was the first Michigan sophomore since 1925 to be named an All-American; he's the first Michigan sophomore ever voted MVP by his teammates. Indeed there is increasing speculation that Carter, a junior this season (Bo calls him "the finest receiver in the nation"), may turn out to be the best player Michigan has ever had.

Carter generally escapes Bo's acerbic tongue—and even Millie finds that remarkable. "He gets on me sometimes," says Carter, "but the other players say he gets on them more." That's probably true because when you meet Bo's standard of perfection, you have just exceeded the world standard, and therefore it's time for the screaming to stop. "It has been a great pleasure to play for Bo," says Carter.

Schembechler sees the qualities he admires most surfacing every day in Carter. His attitude is superior, he's single-minded, he's great in practice, he's interested in team rather than personal

goals, he's fast, he's tough, his hands are terrific, he keeps his mouth shut and, most of all, he's Bo's. "Nobody can allow Carter to have single coverage," says Schembechler. He smiles when he says that, because teams must sometimes allow Anthony single coverage, or some other Wolverine, left unattended, will do them in.

Thus both coach and player know better than anyone that Carter is the heart and, more important, the soul of this football team. With such responsibility, it's no surprise that Carter chooses his words carefully when asked to evaluate Michigan's chances. "I hope we'll be able to compete," he says.

Former players often drop by to see Bo, and he makes time for each of them. "All the players embellish the hell out of the stories," says Schembechler. "They say I was the toughest, meanest bastard that ever lived. I know that isn't true."

Yet Bo inspires extravagant tales because he can be so outrageous and because he is soooooo competitive. Former Linebacker Mel Owens, No. 1 draft pick last spring of the L.A. Rams, shakes his head and says, "Every day Bo is fired up, every day. He's feisty and he goes after it." Once, on a quiet social outing, Bo and two other guys climbed on bikes for a peaceful ride through the countryside. No sooner was everybody rolling than Bo said, "Let's race." Another time, on Canham's boat for a pleasure cruise on Lake Erie, everybody was relaxed except Bo, who was trying to make sure the boat was exactly on course. Never mind that nobody had a course planned.

And Bo can now laugh at himself, which he does, recalling the night before the 1975 Northwestern game. Northwestern is a college football power on the order of most any high school you'd care to name. Sitting in his hotel room looking at films, Bo suddenly bolted upright. "Goddam, Northwestern is good and we aren't ready," he said. "I am sitting on an upset." Whereupon he raced through the hotel, clicking off TVs, screaming, berating, threatening, kicking ass and taking names. He finally returned to his hotel room, spent. Next day, Michigan won 69-0. Got it?

END

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Yesterday

by JERRY H. SIMPSON JR.

FASTER THAN A SPEEDING LOCOMOTIVE, MURPHY BIKED HIS WAY TO CELEBRITY

In 1899, as the world edged toward a new century promising many technical marvels and Henry Ford was tinkering in his backyard with a car that achieved 25 mph, the U.S. was caught up in a craze for speed. The ubiquitous bicycle was part of it. Millions of Americans rode cycles, and a brash 28-year-old racer from Brooklyn, Charles Minthorne Murphy, titillated the nation by claiming that no locomotive could outspeed him. On Friday afternoon, June 30, 1899, Murphy was given the opportunity to make good on his boast. More than 3,000 people gathered along 2½ miles of Long Island Rail Road siding near what is now Farmingdale, N.Y. to watch this history-making confrontation between machine and man. Fast cyclists were plentiful, but Murphy had promised to do something no one had ever done: break the mile-a-minute barrier.

While talking to reporters 13 years before the trial took place, Murphy had made the preposterous claim that he could keep pace with a train. At a demonstration in Philadelphia, the 16-year-old upstart had pedaled a stationary training bike the equivalent of one mile in 79 seconds, using a 64-inch gear. The reporters were unimpressed. What worked indoors on a stage wouldn't outdoors with a normal bicycle, they concluded, and, besides, Murphy was still well off a mile-a-minute pace.

But even at his age Murphy realized that the reason he could pedal so fast was the absence of wind resistance. He knew from experience what engineers and theorists would learn later—that most of a racer's effort was spent in tearing a hole through the air. Goaded on by the reporters, he blurted out the boast he was to live with for over a decade. "If I can be protected from the wind,

there's no limit to how fast I can ride. Why I can keep up with the fastest train! There's not a locomotive built that can get away from me!"

As Murphy later ruefully recalled, "I immediately became the laughingstock of the world."

As a professional bike racer, Murphy set 29 New York state records, 17 U.S. records and seven world records. He was nearing the end of his career when he met the remarkable Harold B. Fullerton.

Fullerton, a former machinery salesman, merchant seaman, civil engineer and soldier of fortune, was a special agent for the Long Island Rail Road when William H. Baldwin Jr., the president of the railroad, assigned him to do publicity. One of Fullerton's ideas was to equip a baggage car to handle bicycles, and he set about luring city riders onto the island for a weekend of cycling on its quiet rural roads. To meet bikers, he joined the Kings County Wheelmen, a Brooklyn bike club, and in April 1899, at their awards banquet, he met Murphy.

Murphy wasn't yet 29 and Fullerton

pose Murphy, now old for a racer, proved incapable of keeping up with the train? Suppose he was injured or killed in the effort? And even if he was successful, how would that attract business to Long Island? But Fullerton's enthusiasm for the project was so contagious that Baldwin brushed aside all the board's objections.

While Murphy trained at home, Fullerton found a siding suitable for the test and had a crew lay pine planking between the rails. Sam Booth, the engineer who had run Theodore Roosevelt's train when he was campaigning for governor of New York, was chosen to drive the engine that would pace Murphy.

By the third week of June, everything was ready. Without notifying the press, Fullerton took Murphy out to Farmingdale for a trial run. A few reporters found out about it and were on hand, but there was no crowd. Fullerton wanted to erase all doubts about the outcome before he staged the big show.

The train consisted of a locomotive, a coal tender and a coach with a rear observation platform. Extending from the back of the platform was a wooden hood inside of which Murphy was supposed to ride, protected from the wind.

He used his regular cycle, a Tribune "Blue Streak" with 28-inch wheels and a chain-wheel-sprocket combination that gave him a 112-inch gear. The bike had 6½-inch crank arms, suitable for the high rpm technique called "spinning." The bike weighed 20½ pounds, the 5' 7" Murphy 145.

The first trial was held on Wednesday, June 21. Booth did his best, but couldn't reach the required speed of 60 mph. Murphy stayed with the train and covered the mile in 64 seconds. That was the fastest timed mile ever attained by a cyclist, but it wasn't fast enough. It didn't break the magic mile-a-minute barrier.

The effort did, however, disclose one flaw in the planning. How was Murphy to stop? A good part of the two-mile board track was used for accelerating to speed. Then came the measured mile. That left almost no room for slowing down. As the train pulled away, Murphy was hit by the turbulent air currents. His



was 41. The brash athlete and the sophisticated publicist immediately hit it off. Moreover, Fullerton saw in Murphy the chance to promote an especially appealing publicity stunt—a race between a frail bicycle and rider and a massive, thundering locomotive. He told Murphy to get ready, then set about the difficult task of convincing Baldwin and his board of directors that the publicity the stunt would generate would be worth the money for expenses—\$12,000. Board members raised reasonable objections: Sup-

continued

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YESTERDAY *continued*

bike was hard to control on the narrow track. Worst of all, he saw that the boards would soon run out—leaving him to crash as he hit the crosssties. A *Washington Post* reporter described the scene: "He quietly steadied his wheel and let it run. He managed to slow down a bit, then saw that the board track ended. He leaped onto the cinders and landed on his feet, unhurt."

Fullerton had the track lengthened by three-eighths of a mile, but decided not to allow Murphy to be buffeted in the train's wake. When he had completed the mile, he would have to be taken aboard the train somehow. Meanwhile, Booth was looking for the line's most powerful engine. He decided on No. 74, which was considerably heavier than the engine used in the trial, and Fullerton pulled it out of service. Two more practice rides were canceled as being too risky. There would be just the main event.

Fullerton had timed the occasion to coincide with the annual meeting of the League of American Wheelmen, being held that year on Long Island at Patchogue. These cyclists swelled the crowd that lined the tracks on Friday afternoon, June 30. Aboard the train were railroad officials, reporters, two physicians, Murphy's trainer and masseur, five official timers, including the county sheriff, and referee James E. Sullivan, executive secretary of the AAU.

Murphy had changed his chainwheel and sprocket to a combination that gave him a gear of 120 inches. Even so, to achieve a speed of 60 mph, he would have to pedal at the rate of three revolutions per second. And the bike was too big for him; he couldn't straddle it comfortably. Fullerton had to hold it steady while photographers took pictures of the racer on the saddle.

At 5:10 p.m., 40 minutes late, Booth gave three blasts on the whistle. Reporters boarded the train; Fullerton pushed Murphy into the hood, and the great trial finally began. The train shuddered from a standing start, with Murphy holding on. He let go when the train reached 40 mph. At the beginning of the measured mile, stopwatches clicked and the race was on. Murphy, keeping his eyes on a white stripe painted on the train's platform, was bent over the handlebars and pedaling furiously. To those on the platform he was a wavering silhouette against the brightness beyond the hood.

He did the first quarter-mile in 15.2 *continued*



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YESTERDAY continued

seconds, but the train was still accelerating. The second quarter was faster—14.2. Half a mile had been reached in 29.4: breaking the mile-a-minute barrier was possible!

But the cheering suddenly stopped. Murphy began to lose ground; the train was pulling away from him. Then he was outside the hood, caught in a swirling cloud of dust and cinders. The attempt appeared doomed, and Murphy in danger of falling and possibly being killed. Fullerton shouted frantically, "Are you all right?"

"I can't see!" Murphy shouted back. The locomotive seemed to be tearing up the light roadbed. Murphy was almost blinded by a maelstrom of debris.

Reporters began yelling, "Come on, Charlie! Come on!" The announced time for the third quarter was 14.4—but the reading was probably in error.

In the last quarter-mile, Murphy seemed possessed. The train's speed was now 64.3 mph, and Murphy was catching up to it. Some reporters estimated that he had been 50 feet behind; others said nine. Soon he was coming back inside the hood. In the last 14 seconds, pedaling at a speed of more than 66 mph, he struck the platform's guardrail six times.

The train roared past the flags that marked the finish line. Fullerton and another railroad official reached down, grabbed Murphy under his arms and grappled him aboard. His bicycle, the pedals strapped to his feet, came with him. He was carried into the coach almost unconscious and put on a cot. Trainers and a doctor began working on him. He revived in about five minutes.

The official time for the mile was 57.8. Murphy had covered the distance at an average speed of 62.28 mph. His achievement astonished the world, made Murphy modestly rich and briefly famous, and opened the eyes of designers to the advantages of streamlining.

After a music-hall tour at \$350 per week, Murphy joined the New York Police Department and, in 1905, became the world's first motorcycle cop. In 1914 he learned to fly a flimsy monoplane and became the first airborne lawman. His suggestion that planes be used for surveillance was adopted 50 years later.

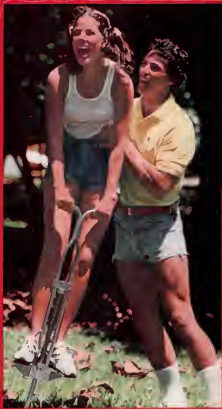
Murphy died in bed on Feb. 17, 1950, at the age of 79, and is buried in Greenwood Cemetery, in Brooklyn. **END**

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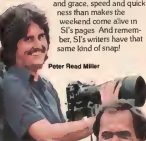


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Sports Illustrated

Reminiscence

by ARNOLD BENSON

BOBBY THOMSON'S HOMER OPENED UP THE OLD WOUND OF A SANDLOT PLAYER

It's 30 years since Bobby Thomson of the Giants hit his famous game-winning home run off Ralph Branca of the Dodgers in the last of the ninth inning of a play-off game, the one that denied Brooklyn the National League pennant. Like millions of Dodger fans, I was heartsick at the time. I had been a manic rooster since early puberty and that home run hit a nerve down deep—only partly because Branca's hometown, like mine, was Mount Vernon, N.Y.

Thomson's homer opened up an old wound, a wound that was self-inflicted in the summer of 1942 when, like most possibly healthy males of my age who weren't already in uniform, I was waiting to be called into the service. Understandably, I was breaking training a lot, even for a sometime sandlot athlete.

One Sunday in the middle of that summer the phone rang at 8 a.m. I had arrived home somewhere between four and five. "The Moose broke his leg last night," a voice said. "You got to help us. We start a game at 10 o'clock."

The voice was that of a friend named Fred Oppen, who was player-manager of a hardball team rapidly being drafted out from under him. The Moose was a good ballplayer named McCreery who was Fred's third baseman.

"You know I can't make the throw from third to first with less than two bounces," I said. "Besides, I haven't swung a bat since May." When you're all of 19, two or three months can seem like a long time.

"You can play second base," Oppen said. "I'll move over to third."

"I've never played the infield in my whole life. Couldn't you stick me out in rightfield?"

"We already have our handicap out there," Oppen said. Fred wasn't being insensitive, but it appeared sometimes that our entire friendship since childhood had been founded on the insults we traded

back and forth about physical skills. "Listen, in this league your grandmother could play second base," Fred said.

"She sleeps late on Sunday," I said. But I must have been flattered. I ate some breakfast, found my glove and spikes and stumbled out to the car.

The game was at Hutchinson Field, way over on the other side of Mount Vernon, but I got there in time for batting practice. As I remember it, I looked good in BP. I usually did. But after the game started the first ground ball hit to me went through my legs.

"Bad hop," I yelled over at Oppen. He answered by spitting into his glove. There were two outs at the time and a man on third, but he didn't score because I held on to a pop fly to short right, after a spastic juggling act. My spikes kept catching in something that felt like seaweed.

Walking with dignity, I passed Oppen

struck out swinging, popped to short, and on my third time up fouled one off the handle into the groin area. While I was performing a slow pinwheel on the ground next to the plate, Oppen voiced no sympathy.

"I should've called your grandmother," I heard him yell through cupped hands. He was right. My grandmother couldn't have hit anything more ladylike than the gentle line drive I eased into the first baseman's glove after I got back up to the plate.

In the ninth inning we loaded the bases on a double by Oppen followed by two walks. Fred had gotten two of our three hits off the big righthanded kid, both of them long drives to left center. There were two outs when I came to bat. I was closely aloof during the first two pitches, which were at least a foot on the outside. I lay down quietly on the next two, which were curveballs in my general vicinity. I stepped into the next pitch, an inside changeup, and heard the sound of the bat splintering as I caught the ball solidly on the handle.

I saw the ball rolling between third base and the pitcher's mound and heard Oppen yelling, "Run it out, DiMag, run!" I dug hard and was thrown out by 15 feet.

The final score was either eight or nine to nothing. I forget which. While driving Oppen home I asked him who the big young pitcher was.

"Johnny Branca's kid brother," Fred told me. I knew who Johnny Branca was. A heck of a pitcher, but small, no taller than I was. "I think this boy's name is Ralph. Big as he is, if this kid ever gets his control, we'll be hearing about him."

We did. And the fact that Thomson's heroic home run—catastrophic home run, from where I sat—came off Ralph Branca compounded my despair. It brought that healed-over memory of my futility against Branca achingly alive.

It was one thing to lose to a pitcher who turned out to be Ralph Branca; it was quite another that it was Branca who let us Dodger fans down that day. What that home run really did, I guess, was add injury to insult.



ILLUSTRATION BY ALFRED CHEN

on my way to the bench. "You can't lose 'em all," he said.

There was no such thing as a good hop on any ground ball hit to me all morning, and I had Oppen closing his eyes whenever I got under a pop fly. I exulted when I did make the pivot to complete one inning-ending double play, but the opposition had a seven-run lead at the time and my catlike moves went unappreciated.

When I had a bat in my hands my ignominy scraped bottom. Pitching against us was a big, loose, heavy-boned young righthander who had his growth but not his control. Every time he threw his sweeping curveball, it appeared to be coming right at me and I would lie down. I had hoped that the kid would be awed by my age and evident experience, my manifest confidence and my 5'9" sinewy frame, but he wasn't. I



"Almost every city and town has an exquisitely landscaped, monumentally columned shrine to local war dead of World War II. The eternal flame is sometimes guarded by smartly uniformed teen-agers, frequently girls, carrying Kalashnikov assault rifles. Memory of the war easily translates into public willingness to make economic sacrifices for the sake of military preparedness." *TIME*, June 23, 1960.

Read *TIME* and understand.



Edited by GAY FLOOD

THE TOPS

Sir:

Thank you for the Aug. 31 issue. First, Steve Wulf lauds the Tigers, an exciting young team riding the crest of possibly the toughest division in baseball (*Let's Give the Tigers a Great Big Hand*), and then SI Picks IU's Michigan Wolverines to be No. 1 in college football (*The Top 20*). You've made a proud Michigander even prouder.

JOHN P. LAMBERT
Midland, Mich.

Sir:

Michigan may be first in the Big Ten, but first in the country? Never. The records you quote show that Bo Schembechler can't win the big games.

RON LEMENAGER
Kankakee, Ill.

Sir:

Your cover for the College Football Issue was right on target, with one slight error: one numeral—take your choice—should be removed from Georgia's number (11). Then your cover would be not only esthetically rewarding—how 'bout that Herschel Walker?—but also prophetic.

BRICK WHITE
Atlanta

Sir:

Last year you didn't include Notre Dame as your Top 20 and the Irish made it to the Sugar Bowl. This year you ranked the Irish No. 5. At that rate of improvement, what will their ranking be at the end of this season?

JIM KLIMEK
South Bend, Ind.

Sir:

Florida 13th and Miami unranked? Miami beat Florida 21-20. What are you trying to do, start a riot down here?

CARLOS PANDOLFO
Miami

Sir:

Your Top 20 left out the best Pac-10 team of all: Arizona State.

RICHARD WOOD
Springfield, Va.

Sir:

Where was Iowa State and its Heisman Trophy candidate, Oswayne Crutchfield? BRUCE ANKENBAUER
Grand Junction, Iowa

THE BEST

Sir:

Thank you, John Paparek. We finally have a writer who understands that the Pac-10 deserves recognition (*What You See, You Get*, Aug. 31). USC goes out every year and beats everybody, including the Alabamas and

Michigans. Still, the AP and UPI pollsters say, "Oh, let's give the championship to Bear Bryant again." Fans of other conferences know that the Pac-10 is for real, but they have to have the media, and especially SI, say anything of the sort.

GAN PINGO
Carmichael, Calif.

Sir:

If the SEC is not the best conference, why is it the only conference with five teams in your Top 20?

Alabama doesn't "get lucky"; it's just damn good.

KEVIN W. JOHNSON
Moulton, Ala.

Sir:

Concerning John Paparek's statement "The fact is that Big Eight football is as exciting as the geography of the land the conference spans," beauty is in the eye of the beholder.

DEAN YECK
Lincoln, Neb.

"HUSHEL"

Sir:

How 'bout that article on that Oog (More Than Georgia's On His Mud, Aug. 31)? Thanks to Curry Kirkpatrick for a great story on a superior athlete, "Husheel" Walker. We Hunker-Down-Hairy-Dog fans agree with every superlative.

VISI AND DOUG CURTIS
Albany, Ga.

Sir:

Your article on Herschel Walker reassured me that some college athletes still use college for its primary purpose, to get an education and build character.

BRUCE PIENKNY
Melville, N.Y.

HORNED FROGS

Sir:

When the Frogs Were Princes (Aug. 31) is truly an outstanding piece of writing by Gan Jenkins. Being a Southwest Conference junkie, I was glad to see the "gold old days" brought back to life. I'm sure a lot of TCU alumni wish they would come back.

But really, Dan, did you have to bring up last season's Texas Tech game? I'm sick and tired of hearing about those damn purple helmets.

LARRY WALKER
Texas Tech '77
Dallas

Sir:

Congratulations to Gan Jenkins on his fine piece on TCU football. Jenkins seemed to capture in print the combination of rich her-

itage and gleaming atmosphere that makes TCU such a delightful school to attend and Fort Worth such a marvelous place to live.

One note about purple: During my TCU years the purple-jerseyed Frogs went 5-39. Upon graduation, I headed north to Northwestern where the Wildcats, also clad in purple, amassed a record of 1-31-1 during my stay. I think purple is jinxed.

MICHAEL W. PEBREHINE
TCU '77
Chicago

Sir:

With deference to Gan Jenkins and TCU football, "Lookie here ... Don't you know ... that a man can travel far and wide—all the way to shame or glory, and back again—but he ain't never gonna find nuthin' in this old world that's dead solid perfect?" —Dan Jenkins, in his book *Dead Solid Perfect*.

BOB SILVERMAN, M.D.
York, Pa.

SMALL RIVALRIES

Sir:

Congratulations to Mike OelNagro for a unique and enjoyable treatment of the small colleges in your 1981 College Football Issue (Aug. 31). However, he has committed a grave sin of omission by leaving Bates vs. Bowdoin off his list of "Most Heated Rivalries." Like Williams vs. Amherst, Bates vs. Bowdoin is a clash of schools far more renowned for their academic excellence than for their athletic prowess.

ROBERT LANTOWSKI
Holyoke, Mass.

Sir:

Omitting Lehigh vs. Lafayette from your list of Most Heated Rivalries ranks No. 1 on a list of blunders. Lehigh-Lafayette is billed as the most-played college football game in the nation. On Nov. 21 those schools will face each other for the 117th time in a series dating back to 1884.

NICK NIEL
Easton, Pa.

Sir:

Knox College and Monmouth College began butting heads formally back in 1891. However, an informal rivalry dates back even farther, to the 1880s. The battle for the coveted Bronze Turkey is just as important as the ones for the Old Oaken Bucket or the Little Brown Jug.

PETER PETERSEN
Glen Ellyn, Ill.

Sir:

Obviously, Mike OelNagro hasn't witnessed the intense rivalry between The University of the South, better known as Sew-

continued

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19TH HOLE *continued*

nee, in Sewanee, Tenn., and Southwest College, in Memphis. This rivalry is not only the most heated in the small-college field, but it's probably the most heated rivalry of any two colleges in America as well.

MARK STRADLEY
Lubbock, Texas

Sir:

How could you neglect to mention St. Olaf College vs. Carleton College?

BRIAN NYQUIST
Edina, Minn.

BIG TROUBLES

Sir:

St's College Football Issue was outstanding. But perhaps the most significant piece in the Aug. 31 issue was in SCORECARD: The CFA and the NCAA both seem to have lost sight of why there are intercollegiate athletics in the first place. Athletics, at the varsity level and at the intramural level, should exist to complement a student's educational experience, not as an end in itself.

College football was perhaps the greatest experience of my life. There is no doubt that I was a better student because of football. Likewise, my studies made me a better football player. But, football alone would never have been enough.

KEVIN W. BILLINGS
Washington, D.C.

Sir:

St says, "Assuming that intercollegiate athletics has a legitimate educational purpose, this question can be fairly asked: 'Why shouldn't it be supported by the college's general funds just as the history department is?'"

That's a big assumption. Over the last decade I have attended every Marquette University home basketball game that I possibly could, regularly watched practices and served on the Athletic Board. I have yet to see a smidgen of legitimate educational purpose. There are good reasons for intercollegiate athletics (the most basic one is that it's fun); but please cut the hypocritical cant about educational purposes.

JOHN PATRICK DONNELLY, S.J.
Associate Professor of History
Marquette University
Milwaukee

Sir:

Once again you tackle the morality problem in big-time college football. Then you turn around and glorify the worst offenders in your Top 20 list, Notre Dame, Alabama, Pitt, Penn State, USC, et al. It gets monotonous. Economics will once again prevail over morality in 1981.

JOHN W. BARNES, SR.
Neptune, N.J.

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